WINDOW CLEANERS OF PRAGUE **PAUL BRENNAN**

THE NATION

FEBRUARY 26, 1977 *60 cents*

FISSION

The Faustian Dream

Nuclear Energy on the Dole **Bruce L. Welch**

The Third World's Critical Mass **Bird & Berick**

Nuclear Energy at the Grass Roots
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EDITORIALS

Learning on the Job

Does style preclude substance? Must it be one or the other? That seems to be the judgment passed by much of the Washington Establishment on the first four weeks of the Carter administration. There is much praise for some of the new President's gestures—but they are seen as just that, symbolism and no more. Implication: there is less here than meets the eye.

This seems to us a hasty and unreasoned judgment. Presidents act, of course, when they speak and adopt positions, not just when they sign papers and issue orders. We are so accustomed to the idea of a powerful Presidency that we forget the obstacles to clear action put in a Chief Executive's way by the Constitution itself and by all those years of habit in the bureaucracy. It would be surprising if Carter were able this soon to point to an array of concrete accomplishments.

On the question of style, it might be remembered that at this point eight years ago Richard Nixon was dressing up the White House sentries in operetta guardsmen costumes and that *Ruffles and Flourishes* rang through the White House whenever *Hail to the Chief* was not being sounded. It was clear by mid-February that Nixon had no use for his Cabinet and was rapidly concentrating power in the White House, which is to say in his own nervous hands. Kissinger was burrowing away in the basement, building his own nexus of power, and none of us had any idea about what was really going on, not even about the "unwinding" of the war in Vietnam.

Undoubtedly Carter is not telling us everything he knows, but it cannot be denied that there is an openness today that is sharply different from the style of early 1969. And Carter's acts and gestures, even if taken as purely symbolic, lack that quality of calculated contrivance that marked Nixon's and, to a lesser degree, Johnson's management of high office.

We should perhaps try to assay the genuineness of some of these gestures. For instance, Carter sent his mother to the funeral of the President of India (it was appropriate, because she had served in the Peace Corps there). On the matter of high officials' security arrangements, the pattern was set on the Mondale trip; Americans would routinely use the arrangements of the host country—no more bullet-proof limousines flown all over the world (but Henry Kissinger, out of office, still has Secret Service protection). Cyrus Vance has cut back State Department security to what was normal years ago.

Carter himself flew to Georgia for a visit home in the Air Force flying command post, built for a President to use as Commander in Chief during a nuclear war. The public had never seen that grim setup and Carter chose the occasion to say that he just wanted to see how it operated and that the seeing would help him to work so that it would never need to be used.

Not since the Eisenhower White House has the midnight oil competition been less apparent; the President has told his staff and Cabinet that he won't judge their performance by the lateness of the hours they keep and that they should spend time with their families. None of this might be worth attention if it were not so unusual after all those years when the President was more Commander in Chief than Chief Executive. It is not too much to say that we are watching Carter quite openly educating himself in the Presidency; one small example of that was his discovery that for him to drive the 70 miles from the airport to Plains cost more in police protection to block road intersections than did the trip by helicopter.

On a more substantive level, it should be noted that the average of his second-echelon appointments has been first-class. Feeling their way through the bureaucratic maze are a number of interesting men and women with unconventional approaches to the problems of government, people whose sense and originality should start showing up in programs before too long.

It is clear that Carter will soon have serious problems with a Democratic Congress that appears to be more interested in its own rehabilitation as a power than in the idea of working harmoniously with a President of the same party for common national purposes. The formidable Rep. Jack Brooks of Texas, chairman of the House Government Operations Committee, seems set on blocking Carter's plans to reshape the executive branch to make it more efficient and responsive; he prefers the old way of bureaucracies dependent on legislative baronies. Carter may have to go over the heads of Congress with a broad popular appeal much sooner than he had expected.

None of this is to say that the public can just settle back and stop watching the President's moves, leaving it future welfare to a competent man. We said last week that his economic programs are not up to the challenge of current realities. There is as yet no sign that he has used anything more than an eraser, as against a razor, on the swollen defense budget. But it can be said that Carter seems to be getting on top of his job and that the signs and symbols of the first month are reassuring.

Brotherhood of Liars

For many months, Richard Helms, who until recently was this country's Ambassador to Iran, and who served as director of the CIA in the bad old days of Richard Nixon has been under a threatening cloud. At any moment, it has been said, he could be indicted for lying under oath to Congress on the question of what the CIA did to block the installation and then arrange the overthrow of the elected government of Chile during the Allende period.

Helms can rest easy. It is reported that he has had the word passed to the Department of Justice, which is holding the lid on a grand jury allegedly eager to indict him, that if this should happen he would simply say that Henry Kissinger told him to lie. That would be an excellent defense for Helms—he was following orders from on high in the interest of "national security." And if the case ever went to trial, Helms could drag out of the closet masses of suddenly embarrassing secrets about the way this country did its business abroad in the years.

It is no wonder, then, that the Justice Department is reported to be holding back on the Helms indictment.

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waiting, as *The New York Times* put it on February 15, for a "Presidential-level" review. The case against Helms would be based on what he told a Senate subcommittee in April 1973 about the shenanigans the CIA and ITT were jointly up to—he denied the collaboration but the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence discovered in 1975 that ITT, advised by the CIA, had funneled $350,000 to an opponent of Allende.

Enter John A. McCone, one of Helms's predecessors as CIA chief and later a director of ITT. This pillar of the intelligence and corporate establishments—who, the *Times* reports, is "not likely to be indicted" in connection with the Chilean misadventure, though he has been under investigation—gave out with his thoughts on how openly the CIA could function (*Time*, February 21). McCone says that the agency should tell "the appropriate groups" in Congress "the whole story . . . in advance" of its secret operations and then clam up. If this hush-hush matter gets spread around to other Congressional bodies, he says, "you might as well clear them with *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *Time* magazine."

The moral of this tale seems to be that cover-up goes on forever, taking new forms when the old ones lose their shape. The spy world flourishes in a succession of disguises. Helms is beyond the law's reach for lying to Congress because he can, in effect, blackmail the government he serves. Kissinger, should he ever find himself in the dock, could plead *raisons d'état*.

President Carter will find himself faced with a more than herculean task if he is really determined to clean out the stable of the national security-intelligence apparatus.

The Still Forgotten Continent

President Carter has given strong indications that he has in mind bold, even striking, innovations in our diplomatic relations with Cuba. Normalization of relations with Castro's government may not be right around the next corner but, if all goes well, it is not too far down the street. And the signs from Havana seem to bear the label "reciprocity."

Beyond the Cuban question, Carter is acting toward Latin America, that continent so dear to the hearts of the multinationals and so easily forgotten by official Washington, as if a genuinely new policy is about to be born. The prompt resumption of the Panama Canal negotiations is one earnest of the administration's serious intentions.

It is therefore disappointing that some of the men named to carry out Carter's policies seem to fight the policies themselves. He has named as representative to the Organization of American States the former Wyoming Senator, Gale McGee, a hawkish figure whose main qualification is his long career within the Democratic Party. McGee may not do much damage at the largely moribund OAS, but that is not true of the other nominee for a leading Latin American post: Terence Todman, slated to become Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

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Todman is a career diplomat with less than two years' experience in Latin America, as Ambassador to Costa Rica. He is conservative, colorless, a nonentity who has shown little interest in Latin America. There is no evidence of his concern for the human rights questions that should be central to American policy there, and that were an important theme of President Carter's campaign rhetoric.

Even more worrisome are the reports that Todman's nomination was a maneuver to outflank candidates who *would* stress the human rights issue. Last December a coalition of liberal Latin Americanists, informally led by Laurence Birns of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, organized a determined campaign for a first-rate candidate to head the State Department's Inter-American bureau, long regarded as a graveyard for aging diplomatic elephants.

The group argued that only an outsider could remake the bureau after its awful years under Nixon and Ford of abetting and (in the case of Chile) creating right-wing military regimes. Birns advanced several names, including ex-Peace Corps director for Latin America Frank Mankiewicz, and William Dyal, president of the Inter-American Foundation. But the leading candidate, supported especially by the American Hispanic community, was Esteban Torres, a Chicano who is assistant director of international affairs of the United Auto Workers, and who has a fine record of work on behalf of human rights in Latin America.

More conservative advocates proposed other men, including the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame. Any of these would have been preferable to Todman—and in fact, hardly anyone knew that Todman was being considered until a few hours before his nomination. The announcement thus was made in suspiciously abrupt fashion—and the fact that Todman is black has led to charges that he is being used by cynical State Department hands who do not want a reformer in the bureau, and who know Todman's minority status will make him less vulnerable to attack.

Whatever the merits of that charge, the Todman affair does not bode well for Latin America while Carter is in office. Todman may be a perfectly competent diplomat, but the increasing sensitivity of the Inter-American bureau post, and the spread of savage military regimes over the Latin American continent, lead us to conclude that a dynamic outsider with an unquestioned commitment to human rights would be a valuable signal that a new wind is blowing from Washington. It is to be hoped that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, during confirmation hearings on the Todman nomination, will give weight to that consideration as well.

The Nixon Special

The merchandising of retired American statesmen, so to speak, can be a tricky business. Some have obvious things to sell. William Fulbright, for instance, the former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has made his stubborn independence and integrity available to the Saudi Arabians for a comfortable retainer; perhaps a little influence and access are sweeteners in the package. Henry Kissinger has disposed of the reminiscences of his dealings with commissars and potentates, foreign and domestic, for a reported $2 million (that is just for the American rights for one book).

Let us not speak of all those Congressmen, retired forcibly or by choice, who hang out their shingles in Washington, marked "attorney" or "consultant," when they should read "peddler." Let us instead consider the unique problem of Richard M. Nixon, Former President. It seems that his memoirs are proceeding toward publication slowly, behind schedule, and that the reason for the delay is the difficulty he is having to check facts. Or so we are told; the cynical might put it that he is having trouble inventing them.

It appears that the buyers of his televised, as against his "written," memoirs face an even more serious problem. They can't find sponsors to help them recoup the $600,000 they are reported to have paid Nixon to sit in front of their cameras and talk. The commercial networks have virtuously washed their hands of the Nixon interview by the British promoter David Frost; they say they won't buy "news" programs; it's against their ethics. So this package is being handled by an outfit called Syndicast Services.

With only three months to go before air time on some 125 stations, there seem to be only two sponsors that have agreed to link their names with that of Richard Milhous Nixon. One is a Houston company called Weed Eater (which has all sorts of unfortunate connotations for this particular broadcast). The other is an automobile company that does not yet wish to be identified ("would you buy a used car from this man?" may be part of their image problem). Since there will be twelve commercial minutes in each of the four Nixon hours, the promoters still have quite a way to go before they get their money back.

In a spirit of helpfulness, we would suggest several kinds of concerns which might benefit from product identification with the fallen President. He was, of course, the victim of the biggest political crackup in American history and the insurance industry might gain from a subliminal link with his story. Morticians and cemeteries come to mind, but they might hesitate because of their well-known sensitivity. The list of large corporate enterprises which Nixon aided when he was in power is long, and perhaps plain gratitude for favors received would overcome any hesitancy they might have about a connection with his ultimate disgrace.

The Teamsters and some of the maritime unions benefited greatly from Nixon's treatment of them and might wish to return the favor. The tourist industries in several of our Latin American allies run by dictators could find a way to say "thanks" for all that military aid and the help of the CIA in placing their chiefs in power and keeping them there.

If none of these friendly suggestions works and the Richard Nixon hours are a commercial flop, then at least the American public will have been given a valuable moral lesson—that guilt by association, a principle on which the career of Richard Nixon was built, has come home to roost.

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INTELLECTUALS WITHOUT INFLUENCE

The Window Cleaners of Prague

PAUL BRENNAN

Here and there in the streets of Prague old gaslights still give out their chilly glow. Most of the cars at the curb are official vehicles; they are Tatras, Czechoslovakia's own car, big, black and kept like new. Their air-cooled turbine engines make a soft gurgling sound not heard from any car in the West. Other cars, from before the war, must be cranked by hand. Except for these machines and a few rattling trams the city is remarkably quiet. It seems that everyone has lowered his voice. The snow is also a damper. When at last I identified a café, not easy since the signs are faded, the coffee was served by girls in black mini-dresses and always with a strip of white lace pinned somewhere in their hair. Without exception the cups and saucers are decorated with gold paint. Even when the room is full the table talk is only a low drone. People are content to sit for hours over one cup of coffee. (I understood the value of coffee when I saw a small tin of Nescafé on sale for $4.20.) In one smoky corner a retired couple sit upright on cane chairs each eating a cream cake, certainly made to a recipe from the Austro-Hungarian Empire; they relish it like birthday cake. Over on the window seat are a cuddling couple who would not seem out of place in a capitalist advertisement. He occasionally strokes her face. It seems that all the freedom they ever dreamed of has now been found.

In Prague there are more than 100 window cleaners who before the purges of 1969-70 were social scientists, artists and members of the professions. Official statistics acknowledge 150,000 such people in Czechoslovakia. They work as street sweepers, cloakroom attendants, night watchmen—any job where they can have no influence. When these people talk about their jobs, they never betray that strange mixture of guilt and romance that often emerges when Socialist intellectuals in the West speak about the Meaning of Work. These particular workers are sadder and wiser.

A former sociologist who spent four years in jail for belonging to the now illegal Club for Engaged Non-Party Members asks, "How can work be used as a punishment in a state that glorifies the working class? It is an insult to normal workers." He now works as an office cleaner in the mornings and evenings, and in the afternoons when he is not too tired, tries to keep up with his reading. He says he keeps his mental stability only with the help of yoga exercises perfected in prison. Tension, however, has not been removed from his life. Just before Christmas he discovered that a microphone had been installed in his ceiling from the vacant flat above. He decided to remove it himself, and was subsequently arrested by the police. He talked a lot about the need to remain calm and "human." Yet my visit to his house was clearly a strain on the whole family. All evening I was oversupplied with sandwiches and coffee, of which my hosts took none at all. During the interview I asked for the correct spelling of some Czech words. He took the pen in his nonwriting hand and used a childlike script. He then apologized, "One never knows what could happen to your notebook."

Next day I met an historian who started by telling me he was not a dissident. "The Russians have dissidents, we have a Socialist Opposition and the recently founded Palach Press is our voice in London." He then described his first months as a central heating attendant in a hospital. "I was frightened of the steam, the heat, the boilers. I was nervous about handling the valves, and could talk of nothing else with my wife for weeks. As I began to get to know my co-workers I was surprised to discover how anti-Communist they were. For them it seemed almost a rule that if a statement appeared in *Rude Pravo* [the party newspaper] then the contrary must be the truth. For example, few of them believed any of the articles about inflation, unemployment and strikes in the West. I remember one woman who had read that a United States criminal court had found Communist Angela Davis innocent of murder. She said, 'You see, even the Americans are getting scared of the Soviets!' In one sense the party propaganda works, not in persuading people to believe the line (nobody inside or outside the party does) but in simply keeping people ignorant or ill informed about the rest of the world."

In terms of research opportunities, the historians have lost the most since the purges of 1969-70. That is especially so because the history of Czechoslovakia, with its frontiers touching six other countries, is in many ways the history of all Central Europe. The planned trilogy, *Czechoslovakia Under the Nazis*, was suspended after the first volume appeared. The internationally famous monograph series, "History of Socialism," which started in 1957, was stopped in 1970. That same year a definitive *History of Czechoslovakia* was set in type and ready for a big printing that was never run. Similarly, a ten-volume *History of the World*, to be written from the viewpoint of the small nations, was abandoned. "All this lost," said one of the historians, "in the name of Czechoslovak-Soviet friendship." He went on to tell a joke about the Czechoslovak soldier and the Soviet soldier; they both spotted a lump of gold in the middle of Wenceslaus Square, ran toward it and arrived at the same time. "Well, let's share it like brothers," said the Soviet soldier, but the Czechoslovak soldier replied, "Oh no. Let's just go halves." I heard the same joke from another historian, but the punch line from the Czechoslovak soldier was, "Oh, God no. You keep it."

Paul Brennan, an Australian living in Amsterdam, has been a reporter on the Sidney Morning Herald, *and is now working as a free-lance in Europe.*

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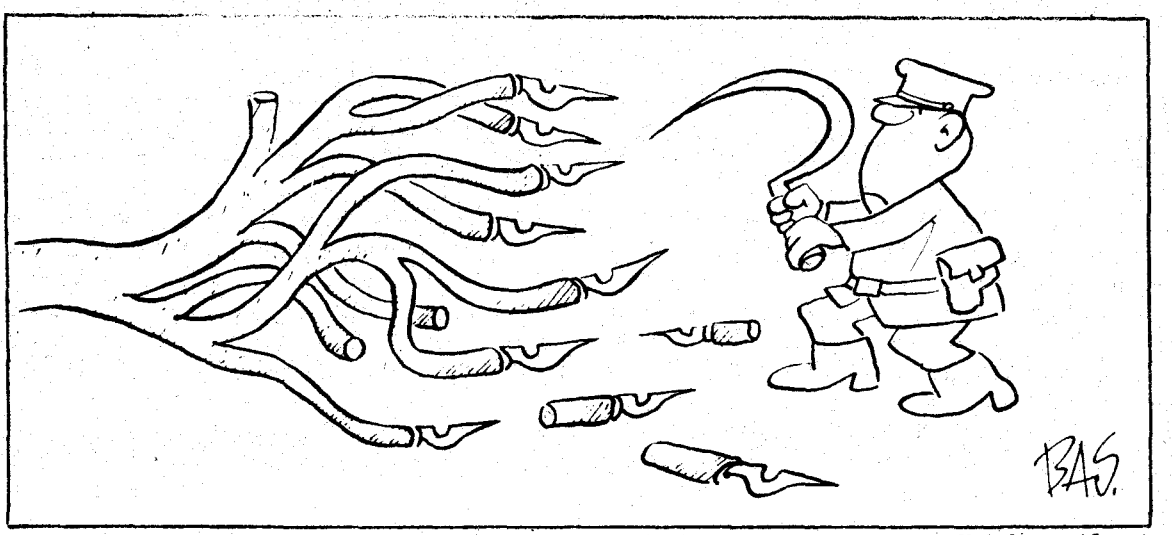
The purges created a social wound that was in many ways arbitrary, but it has now been converted into a permanent sore with its own self-aggravating logic. A psychologist unable to find any type of work explained her relationship with a former colleague. "When I got the sack he felt it was unfair and wondered why he also hadn't been sacked, so he started to feel guilty about his own position and sympathy for mine. He was a bit envious of me since I had lost my job because of my principles; in 1968 they had been his principles too. At the same time he worried about losing his job as the party continued its policy of consolidation, and he didn't want to take any risks. I must admit I am also very envious of him, his job, its security and money. I tried to suppress my feelings, and I suppose he did the same. But we became cautious about meeting each other because we weren't certain we could hide these bad feelings, and also it was dangerous for him to meet me.

"So the uncertainty grew, time passed and the relationship was corroded to nothing. The less he saw of me the more he thought that perhaps he did not know the full story; maybe my views were a bit extreme, a little quixotic. You can't punch holes in the wall with your head, and so on. I know he also worried a lot about the effect on his children's education and his wife's job if he should lose his job. So he probably started to think that the party can't be totally wrong; things aren't all that bad; after all, not everyone got sacked, etc., etc. Soon the behavior which he must observe in order to keep his job converted his earlier feelings of sympathy for me into the feeling appropriate to his current circumstances. It is pure Skinner. Feelings created by, and following from, dictated behavior."

What hurts these people most, more than the work they can't find or the passports they are all denied, is the government's refusal to permit their children to attend high school and university. "Don't misunderstand," said one lawyer whose son had five times been refused entrance to Charles University because of his father's political past, "this is not the class justice of the post-revolutionary period which places all educational resources at the disposal of the children of the oppressed classes. These children have grandparents with a clean class origin. They survived the post-revolutionary sifting period of the 1940s and 1950s. No, the rulers have discovered our weak spot. While parents themselves are willing to suffer, few are willing to allow their children to suffer on their behalf. So many choose obedience today in the interests of tomorrow's generation." Yet further conversations suggested that these policies are often not executed as precisely as the leaders would like. In a society of only 13 million people, with a Communist Party membership of more than 1.5 million, most people have family, friends, or friends of friends within the bureaucracy. One writer explained how he got his son into high school after three official refusals: "My first job was to find the person actually responsible for the refusal. This took months; many letters and interviews. Eventually I found my man, approached him and asked him if he was happy accepting responsibility for the decision. He knows that fortunes in Czechoslovakia can change overnight. He also knew it was immoral and he feared that one day he could be brought to account for the decision. So now my son has been given a place at a high school outside Prague."



Tachydromos (Greece)

The rules are similarly bent to allow forbidden authors to publish under pseudonyms. One writer estimated that more than a third of the books published in Czechoslovakia are written or translated by someone other than the name that appears on the cover. Editors don't ask too many questions, although they still guard their readers against such taboo subjects as psychoanalysis or alienation in a Communist society. "I don't think any psychological or sociological research being conducted in Czechoslovakia today is designed to discover anything," said one former professor of pedagogy. "It is assumed that everything is already known." Since 1969 the concept dominating all areas of social policy has been the Principle of the Sane Nucleus (*zdare jadro*). It means that every organization has been rebuilt from the top down, according to the Stalinist model. "The dictatorship of the Sane Nucleus," said one former Dubcek government

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official, "is scientific, but it will never build socialism."

I spent my last morning in Prague with a journalist who had been an overseas correspondent for Czechoslovak radio and television. "My brother is in the party and has a terrible time because he is related to me—a nonperson. He has no flexibility and uses all his energy to prove his loyalty. But me, I've got no ties. I don't have to go on May Day marches, potato picking expeditions to the country, the rallies or the meetings. I think the people purged in 1969-70 are the freest people in Czechoslovakia." This journalist, however, was one of the first to lose his position. He attracted much sympathy and was offered several jobs. The one he accepted and still holds is as a filer of drawings in an architect's office. His butcher still gives him cheap meat. But when more than 150,000 other people followed him, then naturally, the charity and strength of the Czechoslovak people was considerably diluted. □

FISSION: THE FAUSTIAN DREAM

Nuclear Energy on the Dole

BRUCE L. WELCH

Nuclear energy did not develop because of its natural competitive advantage in an open market. It is wholly and completely a product of government design, promotion and subsidy. Without that active support the nuclear industry would not exist, and even now it could not survive. This aggressive promotion of nuclear energy has created a dependence of the industry upon government that is incompatible with historical concepts of initiative and risk in a "free enterprise" economy. By using the public treasury to make nuclear energy artificially competitive, the government has made it appear that the only choice is to "go nuclear." But in fact there are other choices. It is time, and past time, to get nuclear fission off the government dole; to let it sink by the weight of its own full cost to its natural depth at the bottom of an open, competitive market. And to build instead a stronger and more diverse free enterprise economy on the foundation of the inexhaustible energy that comes directly—and indirectly via wind, living plants and ocean thermal differences—from the sun.

The magnitude of federal commitment to nuclear power is not widely appreciated. The government has given the industry its complex nuclear technology; access to expensive public facilities; free liability insurance; the support of costly research and development, regulatory, emergency and planning programs; low-cost fuel enrichment, waste management and security services; price guarantees, and even direct subsidy as an incentive to become involved in nuclear power.

By the end of 1975, the federal government had spent more than $8.25 billion (1975 dollars) on civilian nuclear power. That is the equivalent of more than 85 per cent of the capital the industry itself had invested in all commercial nuclear power plants then in operation. And the return? During 1975, after a quarter century of federal promotion and support, nuclear fission provided only 1 per cent of the energy used for the nation's work—only half as much as was provided at lower cost by hydroelectric dams. Moreover, despite its prolonged feeding at the public trough, the nuclear industry is still far from being either a technical or a financial success.

Not only is the existing federal investment in civilian nuclear power inordinately high, but it continues to grow more rapidly than the ability of the nuclear industry to generate power. During the present fiscal year, the federal outlay will increase 36 per cent over that of last year, but the licensed nuclear generating capacity in the nation increased only 13 per cent during 1976 and will increase less than 35 per cent during the two years 1976 and 1977 combined.

Despite this financial support and promises of more support to come, nuclear utilities have found it necessary to delay or cancel more than 160,000 megawatts of new nuclear generating capacity, about three-fourths of all additions planned for the decade ahead. Only four new units were ordered in 1975, a marked decrease from the thirty units ordered in 1974. Only one was ordered in the first six months of 1976. Last year the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) permitted the nation's beleaguered nuclear utilities to cancel more than $15 million in orders for nuclear fuel and to postpone delivery dates on an additional $636 million worth.

For all practical purposes, the federal government, itself, through the Tennessee Valley Authority, has become the purchaser of last resort for companies that build nuclear power plants. The TVA is committed to spend about $11 billion in the next decade to expand its nuclear generating capacity. It is the largest buyer of nuclear reactors in the world.

Nuclear energy plants fall into two classes: nonbreeders and breeders. Light-water converter reactors are operating, but they are nonbreeders and their days are numbered. Services essential to support their continued operation do not exist, and repeated technical and finan-

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Bruce Welch, an ecologist and environmental neurobiologist, is director of the Environmental Biomedicine Research Institute, Baltimore, and holds appointments in the schools of Medicine at Johns Hopkins and Yale. He has had professional responsibility, both military and civilian, for administering radiation safety programs. A more extended version of this article was initially published in Chemical Technology, *February 1977. The sources of the data and quotations are cited therein.*

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cial failures justify doubt that all necessary facilities can be built and safely operated at an economical price.

There is no commercial nuclear fuel-enrichment plant. A major argument made by the Ford administration in urging the creation of an Energy Independence Authority was that "Many new projects, such as uranium enrichment plants, are too large and economically risky to be financed by the private sector alone." Under a projected contract to build a $3.4 billion nuclear fuel-enrichment plant near Dothan, Ala., the government would supply engineers to supervise construction, guarantee successful operation through at least the first year, refund to domestic investors if the plant failed, guarantee loans, provide enriched uranium for the plant's customers if contracts could not be met, and buy excess enriched uranium. Succeed or fail, the General Accounting Office has noted, the controlling consortium is guaranteed a good profit while the government carries most of the risk.

Because of expensive technical problems, construction was recently halted on a large nuclear reprocessing plant near Barnwell, S.C. Its owner, Allied-General Nuclear Services, is now seeking classification of the half-completed plant as a "demonstration plant" in order to get the federal government to bail it out. This is only the most recent in a series of such failures. Earlier, after losing $64 million and six years of time, the General Electric Corporation admitted that it was stymied and abandoned its construction of a commercial nuclear reprocessing plant in Illinois. The only nuclear fuel reprocessing plant that ever operated in the United States was shut down for upgrading in 1972 after six years of problem-plagued operation. Now, it has been announced that this facility at West View, N.Y., will be permanently decommissioned.

The federal government acknowledges full responsibility for devising a safe way to dispose of nuclear waste, but it seems to be no closer to solving this problem than it was twenty-five years ago. Everything imaginable has been considered, from sealing the wastes in casks and dumping them into the deepest trenches of the oceans, to shooting them into outer space, burying them in deep salt formations or simply storing them in reinforced vaults on the surface of the ground. Each prospective system for waste disposal entails problems and public hazard—and government expense. For the present fiscal year, ERDA has appropriated $87.7 million to be spent specifically for research and development relevant to *commercial* nuclear waste management. That equals more than half the appropriation for all solar electric technologies combined.

The supply of high-grade uranium ore is limited and the price is booming. It now costs eight times more than it did in 1972, and further increases can be expected with each jump in the price of oil. There is a global scramble to stockpile uranium, and a distinct possibility that the United States will be forced to strip mine extensively for low-grade ore, or import uranium from abroad before the end of this century. When ore of lower grade is used more energy is required to enrich it, until the point is reached where more energy is invested in the plant, its fuel, its operation and its decommissioning than can be obtained from it during its operational life.

Problems remain with the reactors themselves. Little has changed since Dixie Lee Ray, in her 1973 report to the President on *The Nation's Energy Future,* called attention to the "shortage of experimentally confirmed test data on environmental safety problems associated with convertor reactors." More recently, ERDA's *National Plan for Energy Research, Development and Demonstration* acknowledged that further expansion of nuclear power "requires the solution of several critical problems involving operational reliability and acceptable environmental impact."

Experience to date with reactor cost projections, according to H. Bowers, manager of the engineering evaluation section, reactor division, at Oak Ridge, has been characterized by "an *unlearning curve*—as you learn more about them, it costs more to build them." Jesup & Lamont, the New York investment counseling firm, has begun to advise its clients that it "would tend to favor those companies with moderate or no commitments to nuclear power, as against those having major nuclear construction programs." Clearly the drain on the federal treasury, even for conventional reactor operations, will not soon come to an end.

The big increase in public subsidy of nuclear fission will be for the development of a breeder reactor. The nuclear industry cannot survive unless a viable fast breeder is developed. To this end, the federal government is footing the bill, and the corporations and government agencies that benefit are not complaining. They will survive quite well while the feasibility of a commercial fast breeder is being assessed.

The construction of a commercially viable liquid metal fast breeder reactor (LMFBR), despite limited experience with small noncommercial breeders here and abroad, still requires the resolution of formidable technical problems, including choice of fuels and development of new metal alloys to withstand prolonged high-temperature and high-intensity neutron bombardment, major problems of safety, and the development of a technology for rapid automatic reprocessing of highly radioactive LMFBR fuel.

Alvin Weinberg, former director of Oak Ridge National Laboratory, has emphasized that the "reprocessing of highly irradiated fuel poses new problems whose solution is not readily apparent." He adds that a commitment to a commercial LMFBR "before we have really demonstrated [this] essential step in the cycle" is "imprudent." If the LMFBR is commercially introduced in 1987, the date projected by ERDA, this will come before the resolution of doubts about reprocessing—thus repeating the history of light-water reactors, which were deployed before it was known whether a fuel cycle to support them could be devised. Substantial experience with even a pilot reprocessing plant for LMFBR fuel, ERDA acknowledges, is unlikely before 1987.

Similarly, despite the fact that some of the major problems of building a commercial LMFBR are problems of scale, if the LMFBR is to be introduced commercially in 1987 it must be done without prior operational experience with a breeder plant of comparable size.

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Uluschak, Edmonton Journal (Canada)

The Oak Ridge demonstration breeder on which construction is scheduled for later this year, is intended to "demonstrate the technical performance, reliability, maintainability, safety, environmental acceptability and economic feasibility of an LMFBR central electric power plant in a utility environment." The completion date for this demonstrator is 1983, and it will be only one-third commercial size. Two years before its completion, in 1981, ERDA's schedule calls for starting construction on a Prototype Large Breeder Reactor (PLBR), which is intended to be—as the name implies—a model for industrial production of commercial LMFBRs. Then in 1986, two years before completion of this PLBR, construction would begin, with government assistance, on the first full-scale commercial LMFBR. Also in 1986, the ERDA administrator would make his decision concerning "the acceptability of the LMFBR technology for widespread commercial deployment."

Even the strongest promoters of the LMFBR, such as Nobelist Hans Bethe, acknowledge in their professional circles that "the problem of safety is so basic that further intensive work is essential." If the LMFBR were commercially introduced in 1987, it would precede evaluation of the "environmental and safety aspects" which Dixie Lee Ray conceded in *The Nation's Energy Future* cannot be evaluated until the "mid-term period (1986-2000)."

Weinberg found the simultaneous construction of extensive fission facilities that are supposed to be sequentially dependent "hardly justified by pure logic," but he remained "reluctant to recommend deferral . . . largely because the program would lose too much momentum." ERDA has noted that the LMFBR can make a "significant energy contribution" within this century if it is introduced in 1987. This, however, assumes the deployment of an LMFBR electrical generating capacity nine times greater than that of all the licensed fission reactors existing in the nation today—within only thirteen years. ERDA believes the nation can hope to break even on the cost of the LMFBR within this century only if commercial introduction occurs, at latest, in 1993—and if this is then followed, within only seven years, by the deployment of an LMFBR electrical generating capacity twice that of all reactors now licensed.

Past experience suggests that such ambitious goals are not likely to be achieved. Although the first commercial nuclear reactor was delivered twenty years ago, the nation still has pitifully little experience with large reactors. Only eight reactors that exceed 900 megawatts in generating capacity were operating on January 1, 1976, and their combined operational experience totaled less than eleven reactor-years. The Fast Flux Test Facility being built near Richland, Wash., to test fuels and metals for the LMFBR is now ten years past its original completion date, is not expected to be completed until 1979 and is expected to cost almost twelve times the price originally projected.

The purpose of the LMFBR is to decrease the demand for enriched uranium. It can do so soon enough to be relevant only if it has a fuel doubling time of ten years or less. But the shortest fuel doubling time that can be expected by the early 1990s is twenty-eight years, and it could turn out to be sixty years. Obviously, our money is going into a liquid metal *slow* breeder reactor. Not only are LMFBRs unlikely to decrease the need for uranium or enrichment facilities within a relevant time frame, but their rapid deployment could actually accelerate the demand for fissile material. In the words of Alvin Weinberg, "Whether LMFBRs can be the basis for a truly commercial industry still remains to be seen."

But despite the many problems and unknowns, the LMFBR remains by far the biggest item in the federal energy budget. ERDA's *National Plan* explicitly defines the intended "Federal Role" and its "Implementation":

> Because the technical risks are too great and the financial payoffs so far in the future . . . ERDA will develop the fuels, materials, and components technology to support the construction and operation of large-scale LMFBRs by industry. . . . ERDA will develop realistic safety technology that will support the licensability of LMFBRs. . . . ERDA in cooperation with the nuclear industry will design and construct a 350 MeW demonstration plant. . . . ERDA will assist the construction by industry of the first large-scale LMFBR. . . . Industry with some ERDA support builds future large-scale LMFBRs.

Says Hans Bethe, "Nobody can predict the price of a fast breeder." The federal government will pay more than 85 per cent of the $1.95 billion (1975 dollars) that the Oak Ridge demonstrator will cost. ERDA's estimate, probably conservative, is that the cumulative

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federal cost of the LMFBR program "until the time that the option is made available to utilities to buy a commercially viable breeder" will be $12.88 billion (1975 dollars), of which about $3 billion have been spent. Beyond that, ERDA intends to "Pursue other breeder technologies as alternate energy sources for utilities."

Within a decade—before the projected date for deployment of a commercial LMFBR—the cumulative direct cost to the federal government of supporting research, development, demonstration and regulation for the civilian fission power industry will easily exceed $25 billion (1975 dollars)—and almost half that much more will by then have been spent by the TVA. This is based upon publicly announced obligations and a straightforward extension of present budgets. One hidden cost may well be our free enterprise economy. Clearly, nuclear fission is an expensive way to boil water.

In 1952, President Truman's Materials Policy Commission, in a report entitled *Resources for Freedom,* warned against allowing the nation to become dependent upon Middle Eastern oil. It weighed the relative merits of developing nuclear fission or solar energy and judged that "the probability is that the atomic energy industry will remain a heavy net consumer . . ." that, in any event, "nuclear fuels, for various technical reasons, are unlikely ever to bear more than about one-fifth of the load." It recommended: "aggressive research in the whole field of solar energy—an effort in which the United States could make an immense contribution to the welfare of the free world."

Then, for more than two decades, the federal government spent almost all of its energy research and development funds in pursuit of the chimerical promise that the splitting atom would yield "energy so cheap that it will not pay to meter it." Solar energy research was almost ignored.

When Dixie Lee Ray headed the AEC during the oil embargo of 1973, President Nixon asked her to prepare recommendations for a broad national energy research and development program to help achieve energy independence. She appointed sixteen technical review panels to study various aspects of the energy problem and to make recommendations for her report. Sub-panel IX, chaired by Alfred Eggers of the National Science Foundation, judged that it is technically feasible to obtain large amounts of cost-competitive energy from naturally renewable sources, and recommended budgets for "accelerated orderly" and "minimum viable" programs to speed their adoption. However, Ray's report to the President made no mention of Sub-panel IX's findings on "solar" techniques. It spoke only in vague terms about the possibility that renewable energy resources might make some contribution in the "long-term" which, in Washington energy jargon, means after the turn of the century. And for all "solar" technologies combined (solar thermal electric, ocean thermal gradient, photovoltaic, wind, bioconversion and solar heating and cooling of buildings), it recommended a budget less than half that suggested by Sub-panel IX for a "minimum viable" program—an average of only $40 million per year for the five-year period 1975-79, about 5 per cent as much as was recommended for nuclear fission.

Two years ago, the Project Independence Task Force on Solar Energy, composed of more than 100 professionals from government, industry and academia, foresaw that by the end of the century the nation could be obtaining about four times as much total energy and about twice as much electricity from the sun as is now expected from nuclear fission. The "solar" technologies could deliver 11 to 39 quadrillion British thermal units (Q) of energy in the year 2000 A.D., including 8 to 20 Q of electrical power. Ultimately, they could meet all of the nation's energy needs. The difference between the cited low and high figures does not depend primarily upon technical or economic factors, but upon the degree of effort to *implement* the "solar" technologies.

The information in this report suggests that each of four individual solar technologies (ocean thermal, wind, solar thermal, photovoltaic) could deliver large quantities of electrical power sooner than a breeder reactor and at least as cheaply—and that each has fewer technical obstacles to its development. For instance, it foresees:

¶That ocean thermal power plants could deliver more than twelve times as much electric power to the nation by the end of the century as nuclear fission delivers today, and not merely at competitive price but in some locations more cheaply. Such plants could also provide fresh water and fertilizer and, just as natural upswellings do, increase marine productivity.

¶That within twenty years solar electric cells and an eighteen-hour energy storage capacity could be installed on private residences for $2,000 to $2,500 (1974 dollars), and could deliver electricity over a lifetime of twenty-five to thirty years at a cost of 3.9 to 4.3 cents per kilowatt-hour—less than I pay for electricity today.

¶That wind generators, equipped with six-day storage capacity, could deliver more power by 1985 than nuclear fission delivers today, and at least as cheaply. Nine years is not a very long time. It takes as long to plan a new nuclear power plant and put it on line.

The credibility of the Project Independence report has been enhanced since its publication by surprisingly rapid advances in solar technology and economics, by increasing costs of oil and by an inflation rate of nuclear facilities at about twice the average. Moreover, no formal analysis of the relative cost of solar and nuclear energy has yet taken into account the high hidden costs of nuclear power to the taxpayer-consumer that I mentioned earlier in this article. To say that a solar technology can be competitive with nuclear fission when these things have not been taken into account is to say that the solar technology economics may actually be substantially more favorable.

Two months after the Project Independence report was issued, ERDA was formed from the old Atomic Energy Commission. Primary federal responsibility for solar energy research, development and demonstration was transferred to ERDA and, with it, members of the small National Science Foundation staff who had coordi-

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nated the Project Independence Task Force on Solar Energy.

When ERDA was six months old it issued a *Definition Report: National Solar Energy Research, Development and Demonstration Program,* in which it projected outputs of solar electricity that were twenty-two-to-twenty-seven times *less* for the year 1985, and five-to-thirteen times less for the year 2000, than had been projected by the Project Independence report. In sharp contrast to the heavy documentation of the latter, the existence of which was not acknowledged, ERDA gave no substantiating details for its estimates. Of its goal for solar energy ERDA did acknowledge, in the depths of its report: "Significantly higher levels are possible . . . [the goal is] . . . *a modest and highly attainable impact for solar energy in deference to conventional fossil fuel and nuclear sources.*" (Italics mine.)

Individuals who contributed to the Project Independence report, some of whom were in ERDA's Division of Solar Energy when the *Definition Report* was prepared, tell me that they have had no second thoughts about the validity of their earlier estimates. On the contrary, bolstered by interim advances that have outpaced expectations, their optimism is increased. The restrained enthusiasm for solar energy expressed officially at ERDA clearly reflects administrative policy—and the reality that the controlling administrators are nuclear engineers or political appointees with allegiance to the nuclear field.

When ERDA was a year old it released the *Final Environmental Statement on the Liquid Metal Fast Breeder Reactor Program.* By law, the environmental statement should have carefully evaluated alternatives, but it treated solar energy only superficially, downplayed its importance and totally ignored the Project Independence report and other authoritative statements. I was told independently by two responsible ERDA officials that those who prepared the LMFBR environmental statement did not even consult ERDA's own Division of Solar Energy.

The deliberate de-emphasis of solar energy has been manifest in many other ways:

¶ERDA's Division of Solar Energy has fewer employees than even its office of public relations. Parenthetically, more than 60 per cent of the mail sent to ERDA is said to be concerned with solar energy, its Division of Solar Energy being "overwhelmed" and queries even from U. S. Senators going unanswered or having their replies months delayed.

¶ERDA has shoved into its Division of Solar Energy, under one small budget, an array of technologies that are no more alike than are coal and hydropower, which are also forms of "solar" energy. Immediately after ERDA was formed, however, a separate division was created especially for the LMFBR.

¶The federal administration's proposed budget for all solar technologies in fiscal 1977 was less than one-tenth the budget proposed to support civilian fission.

¶ERDA's senior solar energy administrator resigned last winter, protesting the low priority given to harvesting the sun.

¶Recently, a Stanford Research Institute study commissioned by a new junior administrator in ERDA's Division of Solar Energy gave solar energy unexpectedly high marks as a competitor for nuclear fission. According to *Science,* the administrator's job was threatened, he was told to cancel the contract and to keep the results of the study to himself. He was transferred out of the Division of Solar Energy.

One can hardly avoid the impression that the major obstacle to the rapid implementation of a solar economy has been the federal government's obdurate promotion and subsidy of nuclear power. The U. S. Senate Select Committee on Small Business has held extensive hearings on the important diversifying and vitalizing impact that the rapid deployment of solar technologies could have on our free enterprise economy. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.), chairman of that committee, recognizing that ". . . any rapid development of solar technologies . . . [may] threaten existing investment in older technologies," maintained that "the task of policy makers in the government and private sector alike should be to find ways to make the transition as painless as possible, not to arrest or unduly delay a transition that is already long overdue."

Three recent developments give reason for hope:

¶First, awareness of the vast potential of solar energy is rapidly growing in the Congress, and with tangible results. The budget that was actually appropriated for the fiscal year that began October 1, 1976, gave solar energy 82 per cent more money than was recommended by the administration. The appropriation for nuclear fission is still almost six times greater, but it was not increased.

¶Second, in a surprising revision of policy on civilian nuclear power, President Ford said on October 28 that "The reprocessing and recycling of plutonium should not proceed unless there is sound reason to conclude the world community can effectively overcome the associated risks of proliferation." The General Accounting Office immediately noted that this creates doubt about the future of the LMFBR.

¶Third, President Carter, himself an ex-nuclear engineer, has pledged to minimize the growth of nuclear energy and to accelerate the development of alternative sources of energy.

The need is not for a huge solar energy bureaucracy or for massive increases in federal spending for solar energy research, development and demonstration (although some increases seem desirable), but rather for rational priorities, reasonable institutional incentives, and the removal of existing impediments to the development of viable solar technology markets.

If the United States will now move deliberately and aggressively to reshape its own economy around energy from naturally renewable resources, an incidental by-product would be the availability of a flexible array of independent low-cost energy sources that could stimulate vast new world markets; help alleviate unemployment at home and abroad; revitalize our free enterprise system; free us from the threat of oil or uranium embargo; improve our civil defense by decentralizing our energy sources and, perhaps, insure peace by offering the underdeveloped areas of the world a viable nonnuclear route to a better way of life. □

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The Third World's Critical Mass

KAI BIRD and DAVID BERICK

Nuclear proliferation in the Third World is virtually out of control. Even if the industrialized Western nations bring an immediate halt to their nuclear exports, non-Western countries such as India will retain the capability they already have to export nuclear technology—and it is impossible to distinguish between export of energy technology and potential weapons capability. Present international energy programs will generate more than a million kilograms of plutonium within ten years. The "primitive" atomic bomb dropped on Nagasaki had less than 10 kilograms of plutonium. According to Prof. Albert Wohlstetter, a leading expert on nuclear policy at the University of Chicago, twenty-three countries already have enough plutonium to arm three to six nuclear weapons.

Some of these nations—Israel, for example—are said to have assembled a bomb, and may be only unwilling to pay the political costs of testing their nuclear device. Other nations—such as South Africa—probably possess the material and technology to assemble a nuclear weapon within several months, if not weeks.

But even more worrisome than individual national capabilities is the burgeoning nuclear cooperation that may have already produced a self-sustaining arms race in the Third World. Recent deals between India and Iran, Iran and Argentina, India and Argentina, and Iran and South Africa indicate how closely the Third World is approaching nuclear independence.

Indira Gandhi, for example, plans to make India a major exporter of nuclear technology, heavy water, thorium fuel, and small 200-megawatt reactors: the national budget for 1976 recorded a 100 per cent increase in the outlay for nuclear development. The Indians hope to earn substantial foreign exchange and provide a major portion of their domestic energy needs through nuclear power by the early 1980s. India already possesses a sophisticated nuclear establishment of more than 30,000 technicians and scientists (1,000 Indian nuclear scientists have been trained in the United States). Indians have even embarked on the highly experimental breeder technology. They have high hopes for the marketability of their 200-MW heavy-water reactors—hopes that were bolstered by *Fortune* magazine's estimate that "there is a market in the Third World" for India's small reactors "which the major manufacturers show no interest in building."

By 1980 India will have around 40 per cent of the Third World's installed nuclear energy capacity—some 4,200 MW, according to the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA). This scale of atomic energy consumption could easily generate enough fissile material for a militarily credible nuclear weapons program.

India is also one of the few Third World nations that could conceivably construct an effective delivery system for its nuclear weapons program. India not only manufactures its own military aircraft but already has a relatively sophisticated space program. An indigenous ballistic missile technology in the form of the SLV3—a four-stage rocket—gives India a potential intercontinental capability. The Chinese, if not the Americans, must view India's nuclear technology as a military threat. The Soviets have supplied India with the Sukoi-7 jet aircraft and the MIG-21; the Indians also have British Canberra medium-range bombers. According to G. S. Bhargava, an assistant editor of *The Hindustan Times* and a research associate at the London International Institute for Strategic Studies in 1975, "Efforts may be made to lend nuclear teeth to border defenses by developing nuclear-powered land mines and nuclear warheads for artillery."

India has already begun to transfer its technology to states such as Argentina and Iran: The nuclear cooperation agreement between India and Argentina, which was signed only ten days after the testing of a "nuclear device" in the Rajasthani Desert, provides for aid in the construction of Argentina's second, and possibly third, heavy-water nuclear reactor. (Argentina in turn has a nuclear cooperation agreement with Libya and Iran. The former chief of Argentina's nuclear energy agency, Adm. Oscar A. Quihillalt, is at present an adviser to Iran's atomic energy commission at a reported salary of $10,000 a month.)

The major attraction of India's expertise in heavy-water reactor technology is that this type of reactor produces a more technically pliable bomb-grade plutonium waste. Until the signing of the nuclear accord with India, Argentina's nuclear program had been based on U.S.-supplied light-water technology. The switch to heavy-water technology will help Argentina achieve nuclear independence, and gives the Argentines the option to build a bomb.

Iran has no formal cooperation agreement with India but the two countries have developed close relations since Indira Gandhi declared a national emergency. The Shah has stated that while Iran has chosen to buy light-water reactors from the West, Indians and Iranians can exchange experience and ideas for harnessing other variants of nuclear technology. Most of Iran's present conventional power generators are imported from India, and a majority of the country's energy engineers and technicians are Indian. What the Shah can't buy from the West Germans, the French and the Americans, he may find in India.

Iran is pouring billions into its nuclear energy program. The Shah intends to train more than 10,000 Iranian nuclear technicians, engineers and scientists. By 1986 Iranian reactors could be generating 230 kilograms of plutonium annually—enough fissile material to build forty-six bombs. Even if these plants operate under

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IAEA safeguards, plutonium generation of this magnitude would require only a 2.1 per cent surreptitious diversion of fissile material to make one bomb—well within the usual margin of error in accounting for reactor wastes.

Iran has signed contracts for the construction of two 900-MW French reactors and two 1,200-MW West German reactors and is negotiating for eight more reactors with American corporations. By 1990 Iran should be generating 23,000 megawatts of nuclear energy at a cost of an estimated $27.6 billion. None of these reactors is currently in operation and Iran is seeking interim sources of plutonium. Prime Minister Abbas Hoveida has said that Iran is buying plutonium for peaceful energy development purposes "a little bit in all parts of the world."

One major source of reactor fuel for Iran's nuclear energy system will be South Africa. The Shah has signed a nuclear cooperation agreement with that country under which Iranian oil money will finance the development of South African fuel enrichment technology in return for assured supplies of South African (and Namibian) uranium. The link between the two countries is West Germany's Kraftwerk Union nuclear energy firm—the same that is selling Brazil a complete nuclear energy cycle including a plutonium reprocessing plant. Kraftwerk Union sold the Shah two 1,200-MW reactors and has invested heavily in the development of an unusual "jet nozzle" fuel enrichment process. The South Africans have used 1,200 technicians and $148 million since 1970 to develop a pilot plant for their own jet nozzle enrichment process. Though the South Africans claim their jet nozzle technology is indigenous, Kraftwerk Union was initially involved in the project. It is this technology that the Shah is now financing—in return for assured and cheaper supplies of enriched uranium.

In the past, the enormous expense of developing enrichment technology discouraged most countries from entering the nuclear fuel market. The American Oak Ridge enrichment plant, for example, would cost $6 billion to build today and would require $500,000 daily for electricity. For that reason the U.S. Government supplies 95 per cent of the world demand for enriched uranium fuel and the American monopoly of enriched uranium fuel supplies could have been used as leverage to prevent the proliferation of nuclear weaponry. But now it may be too late. Countries with the political will and economic power to proliferate nuclear energy technology—such as South Africa, Iran, Argentina and India—are well along the road to complete nuclear independence.

How have the major nuclear exporters responded to efforts by Third World countries to acquire nuclear energy technology for apparent military purposes? The case of Pakistan illustrates clearly that the imperative to sell nuclear technology often overrides fears of proliferation. With the knowledge of the U.S. Government, the Canadian nuclear agency almost succeeded in rushing through the sale of a CANDU heavy-water reactor, reactor fuel, and heavy water to Pakistan before the implementation of a new policy imposing more rigorous safeguards in January 1, 1977.

A confidential U.S. Embassy cable from Islamabad dated December 14, 1976 described the Canadian-Pakistani negotiations as follows:

> The Pakistani reply does not meet the Canadian demand that if the government of Pakistan stages any nuclear explosion, whatever materials are used, all Canadian supplies will immediately cease. All the Pakistanis were willing to state was that if any explosion took place in the context of the agreement, i.e., with the use of Canadian material, the Canadians would have the right to cut off supplies. Stockwell (Canadian Deputy Chief of Mission) said he believes that this difference can be papered over by an exchange of letters in which the Canadians state that they understand that any explosion will mean a cut-off of their supplies and the Pakistanis reply that they note the Canadian position. He feels that this may serve to protect the Canadian Government from public and parliamentary criticism at home on this score.

This cable documents what most observers have felt for some time—that Pakistan's nuclear energy program is only a cover for the building of a nuclear bomb. The Pakistanis were not willing to agree that a nuclear device exploded without Canadian materials would constitute grounds for abrogation of the Canadian agreement to supply nuclear fuel and hardware. And when the deal collapsed on December 23, 1976, it was because of a different problem: the Canadians' insistence upon a formal ban on the reprocessing of Canadian-supplied fuel.

Pakistan proved intransigent on this point, but the Canadians had been perfectly willing to sell reactor fuel supplies to a country avowedly intent on acquiring nuclear weaponry. (Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto once said Pakistanis would "eat grass" if necessary to develop the bomb.) A formal ban on the reprocessing of Canadian fuel would not have been an adequate safeguard because the Canadians could not be sure that Pakistan would not substitute non-Canadian fuel. The reactor waste from this substituted fuel would not be covered by Canadian "safeguards" and could be reprocessed to make a bomb. The Canadians were willing to forgo their own ban on the substitution of fuel "because substitution was allowed under IAEA rules provided that the IAEA is informed about substitution and the substituted material is placed under IAEA safeguards."

This is the most important loophole in current international safeguards. Nuclear safety experts concede that the IAEA has neither the authority nor the personnel to insure that substituted material is not surreptitiously diverted to bomb making. According to a September 14, 1976 U.S. General Accounting Office report:

> International organizations have no authority to require physical protection measures, no authority to supervise, control, or implement such measures, and no authority to pursue and recover diverted or stolen material. Their inspectors have neither unlimited access nor authority to seek out possible undeclared or clandestine facilities or stockpiles of nuclear material. In addition, technical, political, financial, and staffing ob-

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stacles hamper the effective implementation of international safeguards.

Pakistan apparently intended to substitute uranium fuel from unsafeguarded sources to power its own heavy-water reactor; the waste from this substituted fuel would then be chemically separated into bomb-grade plutonium.

The entire episode underlines the hypocrisy of official statements of concern on the threat of proliferation. The sole purpose of Pakistani-Canadian negotiations in December was to sell a reactor under an agreement providing the Canadian Government with sufficient "safeguards" against public relations "fallout" when Pakistan exploded its "nuclear device." The negotiations broke down only when Pakistan refused to agree to the kind of language that would allow Canada to save face.

The French sale of a reprocessing plant to Pakistan will very likely be canceled as the result of an American offer to sell Pakistan 100 A-7 fighter-bombers, according to Sen. Alan Cranston (D., Calif.). There is also a possibility that Canadian supplies of nuclear material could resume if the French reprocessing plant contract is canceled. The Pakistanis may well end up with both reinstated nuclear supplies (though not a reprocessing plant, for the time being) and substantial new arms supplies. The sale of sophisticated attack aircraft, which could speed up the arms race on the Indian subcontinent, is a dubious method of preventing proliferation.

The United States and Canada bear primary responsibility for the proliferation of nuclear technology in the Third World. North America has made the possession of a "research reactor" a status symbol in even the most destitute of developing nations. In the words of a Brookings Institution study written by Jerome Kahan, the U.S. Government has "actively encouraged the sale abroad of U.S.-built reactors by providing extensive technical assistance, attractive financing through the Export-Import Bank, and long-term supplies of enriched fuel at stable prices." The nature of the technology today is such that any nation determined to possess a limited nuclear capability could remain within the letter of international safeguard agreements, and yet assemble a bomb within a matter of weeks—if not days.

By 1975 the United States had sold more than 70 per cent of the world's existing commercial reactors and had supplied 95 per cent of the market for enriched reactor fuels. European manufacturers for the most part sell nuclear technology licensed by the two major American corporations. But those licenses are rapidly expiring, and aided by the widespread transfer of U.S. technology over the last twenty years, many countries now have an independent nuclear export capacity. (America's share of the worldwide nuclear export business has actually declined during the last four years. From 1958 through 1972 the United States sold 87 per cent of all nuclear plants, calculated in terms of megawattage, according to the Atomic Industrial Forum. But in the two years from 1973-75, America's share of the market dropped to 42 per cent.) Even if the Carter administration should effect a dramatic reversal in U.S. nuclear policies, the United States in the years to come will very likely witness its own former customers inheriting the business of selling nuclear technology.

"We now face the almost inevitable prospect twenty years hence of a world where twenty or thirty nations possess some nuclear weaponry," says Tom Halsted, executive director of the Arms Control Association. "I'm afraid any realistic long-term strategic planning must assume the existence of a nuclear-armed world." □

'DEPROGRAMMING' THE 'BRAINWASHED'

Even a Moonie Has Civil Rights

THOMAS ROBBINS

The recent proliferation of religious cults has elicited fear and anger from parents who cannot understand why their children affiliate with movements they consider bizarre and regimented. The outcry against these movements has been endorsed by clergymen, and by state and local politicians eager to appease parental rage. Former devotees of the Children of God, Hare Krishna, or the Unification Church (the Rev. Sung Myung Moon) have broken their intense involvement with these sects to become leaders of the equally intense attack upon them. The ex-devotees claim to know the demonic nature of the cultist conspiracies and thus dismiss as irrelevant such naive notions as freedom of religion and due process.

Some of these apostates have found lucrative careers as "deprogrammers," having been paid substantial sums by anxious parents to browbeat their converted offspring, who for this purpose are seized and involuntarily confined. This procedure is called *deprogramming* and is usually justified by allegations that converts to religious groups have been "brainwashed" or "psychologically kidnapped" by the cults. As victims of "mind control," adherents of new cults are alleged not to be in full self-possession, and therefore not entitled to the liberties enjoyed by rational and responsible persons. The application of such terms as "brainwashing" to the activities of religious movements lays a conceptual groundwork for separating thousands of converts from their civil liberties and subjecting them to what would otherwise be deemed arbitrary procedures.

The first and best known deprogrammer is Ted Patrick, former community relations expert for San Diego, under Governor Reagan. In his *Let Our Children Go!*, Patrick acknowledges "negotiating in a dingy bar

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with four black thugs, offering them fifty dollars each to help snatch a girl off the streets at seven in the morning." More often than not local officials sympathize with parents and acquiesce in such methods, refusing to prosecute, indict, or convict, even when the abductees are legally adults. Nevertheless, the lack of explicit legal sanction for coercive measures finally landed Patrick in jail.

Enterprising lawyers, politicians and anti-cult leaders are now developing ways to have adult converts forcibly but legally removed from religious groups, held prisoner and deprogrammed by the same professional anti-cult zealots (often protégés of Mr. Patrick) who formerly had to snatch their quarry off the street and risk being charged with kidnapping.

The Vermont legislature seems disposed to pass a bill, referred to by local newspapers as the "legal kidnapping" bill, that would allow relatives to "retrieve" young adults who had joined religious cults. The proposed act was drawn up after five months of testimony before a special committee of the state Senate, investigating alleged criminal activity of "cults" in general and of Moon's Unification Church in particular. It will authorize "the appointing of temporary guardians in emergency cases upon evidence the person to be protected is unable to properly care for himself or his property." It also provides that a guardian may be appointed when someone "is likely to be imposed upon by artful or designing persons." A parent thus awarded a temporary guardianship may call upon police aid in forcibly removing an adult from an organization of persons believed to be deceitful.

The dangers of religious cults that use "brainwashing" to recruit converts and the need for repressive legislation have been urged by a number of witnesses before the Vermont committee. One psychiatrist testified that members of cults undergo "catastrophic" mind changes. Charles Lotz of Charlotte, Vt., whose son was a member of the Moon movement until he was legally seized by his father in California, asserted before the committee that the various cults in the United States are holding psychologically captive more than 100,000 young people. "These young people are powerless to get out by themselves. They do need outside help to get themselves out."

Lotz read a telegram from his son, Steven, who commented, "Although freedom of religion is a constitutional right, if mind control is used to impede our freedom of thought, how can we make a free choice of religion?" According to Steven Lotz, "A law which seems restrictive is needed to give inalienable rights." Attorney Stephen Walke, representing the Unification Church, argued before the committee that safeguards should be added to the bill to protect an adult church member from coercive deprogramming, but he was rebuffed by Senator O'Brien who replied, "This bill is going to be presented, regardless of what you have to say." The proposed statute is broadly worded and nowhere mentions the Unification Church. However, its leading supporter, Sen. Thomas Crowley, has stated that its real target is the Moon movement. But once the bill is on the books, it will probably be applied to other groups. The Vermont chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union has accused the Senate committee of witch hunting and questioned the constitutionality of its methods.

In Vermont, legislation such as the proposed Temporary Guardianship Law is required to legalize the abduction and deprogramming of religious converts. But in California deprogramming has already been legalized by exceedingly loose interpretation of the existing Conservatorship Law. This law, originally designed to protect the elderly (the use of the term "conservator" avoids the stigma of "guardian" and is thus more acceptable to elderly persons), is now being put to a use never intended. If conservatorship is sought with regard to an allegedly incompetent person, that person must be informed of his right to counsel, and a hearing must be set at which the alleged incompetence can be contested. However, under the statute, a *temporary* conservator may be appointed for thirty days, "with or without notice" to the conservatee "as the court or judge may require, upon a verified petition establishing good cause therefor." There need be no hearing, no notification, and the whole business is conducted *ex parte* or without representation for the conservatee, pending "final determination" of the conservatorship.

Temporary conservatorship was clearly intended to apply to emergency situations, such as when a person is on the verge of giving away all his or her money, or when someone is in a coma and unable to authorize an operation. But parents and deprogrammers have been able to persuade some judges to grant temporary conservatorships over "brainwashed" devotees, even though there is no emergency in the usual sense. It is argued that giving the convert prior notification (due process) would enable him to flee the state. Such arbitrary proceedings may indeed make a convert feel that his or her only choice is flight. Attorney Ralph Baker, who represents Moon converts and Krishna devotees in the San Francisco Bay Area, argues that potential conservatees would be only too happy to appear in court to contest their alleged incompetence in fair hearings with due process. "The courtroom should be the forum to determine what kind of coercion or mind control is involved, both in cult proselytism and in deprogramming. All we want is our day in court!"

Parents granted a temporary conservatorship over an adult convert son or daughter often have the convert brought to a "deprogramming center" in Tucson, Ariz., where attorney Michael Trauscht and several colleagues have opened the Freedom of Thought Foundation with a $105,000 donation from parents of a young person converted to an Eastern cult and later deprogrammed. The center operates legally, treating persons seized by their parents under thirty-day conservatorship. Joe Alexander, the foundation's senior deprogrammer, has no formal training in psychology; he learned deprogramming techniques from Ted Patrick.

The Freedom of Thought Foundation claims to be a nonprofit corporation supported by donations, but fees to parents can run as high as $25,000. Ralph Baker charges that Trauscht and his associates seek their clients

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aggressively, playing upon the fears of parents. Trauscht offers them legal advice, while Wayne Howard, a Phoenix attorney, acts as their legal representative in conservatorship proceedings. Alexander and his wife function as deprogrammers; they are assisted by ex-cultists who serve as junior deprogrammers and strong-arm restrainers. Trauscht or Howard present parents with an affidavit prepared for their signature and containing allegations that their son or daughter appears to be the victim of mind control, that his or her personality has changed abruptly, that assets belonging to the child have been transferred to the leaders of the group, and that the son or daughter is not voluntarily continuing as a member of the group. Baker charges that these allegations are usually false, as well they could be, since they are tested in no court. The affidavit is presented to a judge with an accompanying petition requesting that a parent be appointed temporary conservator. There may be additional affidavits from former converts attesting to the suffering they endured while under cultic "mind control."

During the thirty days of temporary conservatorship, according to Baker, deprogrammers use "many cruel and barbaric methods . . . to change the thinking of the child, including deprivation of food and sleep. The young person is often put in a room with five or ten individuals simultaneously ridiculing his ideas and questioning his beliefs. Many have broken down during this most harrowing experience. . . . It is hard to believe that this is happening in America." (Similar tales are told by former members about the cults themselves.) After the young convert breaks and is "rehabilitated," or if he escapes, as some do, the temporary conservatorship is voluntarily relinquished. This avoids the need for a subsequent hearing for final determination of the conservatorship and the threat of due process.

The denial of due process entailed in the handling of temporary conservatorships by Trauscht and cooperating jurists such as Judge Henry Rolph of San Francisco has broad implications. The implicit legalization of deprogramming abridges the freedom of religion and violates the constitutional separation of church and state. Alexander emphasizes that he assures his subjects, "Look, I'm not here to take God out of your life. I want you to realize that what you're involved in is not of God." But the determination of who or what is "of God" is a religious question. Is the state not forcing someone to receive religious instruction when it turns converts over to the Freedom of Thought Foundation? Might not even an "incompetent" adult have the right to refuse religious instruction?

Legalized deprogramming is not the only way in which the religious cults are persecuted. In Queens, a New York City borough, a grand jury indicted two leaders of the Manhattan Hare Krishna temple for unlawfully imprisoning two adults, who nevertheless claimed to be voluntary adherents to the cult. It was alleged that the "imprisoned" devotees were held captive by "mind control." They were then rather more tangibly imprisoned by authorities as material witnesses held on $50,000 bail.

The events that produced the indictment began when 23-year-old Merylee Kreshower was abducted from a shopping center by her mother and Galen Kelly, a private detective and former investigator of "social activist groups" (his term). The deprogramming of Merylee Kreshower was not successful and the deprogrammers were expelled (for loud noise) from the motel where they had her confined. Finally they released her, and she then pressed charges against her mother and Kelly. After sharply questioning Merylee and another abducted devotee about their beliefs, the grand jury dismissed the charges against Kelly and Mrs. Kreshower and demanded more information about the Hare Krishna cult. A parade of witnesses and testimony was orchestrated by Galen Kelly, who was by then serving as de facto investigative assistant to the prosecutor. Kelly works with Citizens Engaged in Reuniting Families (CERF), an organization that puts parents in touch with deprogrammers. The president of CERF, Dr. George Swope, a Baptist clergyman and professor of psychology at Westchester Community College, testified as an expert in cultic brainwashing, as did Dr. John Clarke, assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. (Both Clarke and Swope testified also at the Vermont hearings.) Former members also testified against Hare Krishna; others who are less hostile have volunteered to testify for the defense at the eventual trial.

After hearing the testimony lined up by Kelly, the grand jury indicted the leaders of the Manhattan Hare Krishna group for unlawful detainment of Merylee Kreshower and Edward Shapiro through techniques of "mind control," and for attempting to extort $20,000 as a price for allowing Shapiro's father to see his son. The specification of the latter charge is that Edward Shapiro tried to extort the money (to be given to a Krishna leader) from his father. Although the Krishna leader was not present during the conversation, he is alleged to have influenced Edward Shapiro through "mind control." Thus both charges depend for their validity on the concept of "mind control"; it is acknowledged by the prosecution that neither force nor the threat of force was used.

From the outset, physical control over the two "victims" has been the real issue. If Kreshower and Shapiro could be deprogrammed and made to turn against the group, the implausible indictment might be vindicated by an unprecedented conviction for "mind control." According to *New York Post* reporter Lindsay Miller, Assistant District Attorney Schwed offered at one time to drop the charges if Kreshower and Shapiro would undergo ten days of deprogramming; Schwed has apparently withdrawn the offer. In a cagey maneuver, he got Shapiro's material witness order vacated and then had Shapiro placed in an ambulance, under guard, and driven to a Long Island mental hospital, where presumably he would be committed by his father.

Lawyers for the New York Civil Liberties Union threatened hospital authorities with litigation and deterred them from admitting Shapiro. However, a Massachusetts court named Shapiro's father Edward's guardian and the order was honored in New York. Mr. Shapiro, who

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had repeatedly sought to have his son abducted and deprogrammed, was now able to commit Edward to a psychiatric hospital near Boston, where Dr. John Clarke was prevented by hospital authorities from subjecting him to "stress interviewing." At a subsequent hearing, hospital staff members testified that Edward Shapiro was competent, although Dr. Clarke contested this. A probate judge released Shapiro from his father's guardianship. Schwed has reapplied for an arrest warrant for Shapiro, but the Massachusetts court has declined to honor it. Meanwhile a competency hearing was ordered for Merylee Kreshower and she was released with the condition that she not return to the Krishna community or have any contact whatever with lawyers who are representing the Krishna cult.

If Shapiro and Kreshower do not recant their devotion to Krishna and appear as friendly witnesses for the prosecution, evidence supporting their unlawful imprisonment will be weak by conventional standards. But this is not a conventional indictment. In the present atmosphere, a Queens jury may convict the unconventional Krishna cult of practicing "mind control." Thirty prosecution witnesses, including ex-members and relatives of members, have reportedly been lined up to testify, and Schwed has evoked the specter of groups such as Hare Krishna brainwashing "an army of zombies or robots, who could undermine the government and law enforcement." Even if the indictment is dismissed, the Hare Krishna group has been severely harassed. The grand jury's refusal to indict the abductors of Merylee Kreshower is particularly ominous. In effect, the Hare Krishna group has been put on notice that they have no legal protection against the abduction and involuntary confinement of their members for purposes of deprogramming.

The controversy over religious brainwashing is largely an exercise in mystification. Deprogrammers and anti-cult hysterics accuse gurus of brainwashing converts, and the gurus retaliate by accusing deprogrammers of using "mind control" to turn converts against the cults. Both groups seem to believe in a magical process that can somehow zap the victim into another (pathological) reality.

Allegations of "brainwashing" cannot be proven false. They are true by definition, i.e., one simply chooses to label whatever goes on in religious movements or deprogramming sessions as "brainwashing" or "mind control." However, without giving credence to these occult notions, conversions to deviant cults and sects can be explained in terms of the present state of moral disintegration and the undermining of such dominant ideologies as the Protestant ethic, competitive individualism, or cold-war anti-communism. The fragmentation of daily life into limited involvements in impersonal bureaucratic institutions of work and study generates a need for commitment to an all-embracing system which will integrate one's life and give meaning to one's existence. Conventional churches are often perceived as additional compartmentalized bureaucratic structures. However, total involvement in a deviant "separate reality" often requires social support and reinforcement; hence the success of "deprogramming" procedures which physically isolate clients from contacts with other converts. This may account for the success of deprogramming, especially with recent converts. These deprogrammed converts often become friendly witnesses, eagerly recounting how they were brainwashed by religious groups. This feeds the hysteria, and thus the persecution generates its own momentum.

As Dr. Thomas Szasz has remarked, one can no more "wash" a brain than one can make someone bleed with a "cutting" remark. "Brainwashing" and "mind control" are metaphors that express disapproval of the way in which someone has been influenced by someone else. The terms lend a spurious scientific support for disapprobation. They appeal to a society in moral crisis because they seem objective, and the implicit moral judgments involved in the exercise of social control are concealed. With moral values in flux, it may be safer not to acknowledge repressive intent. Dissident religious or political movements can thus be prosecuted for employing "mind control" and their adherents seized and forcibly subjected to intensive counter-indoctrination (to "liberate" them from thralldom) without conceding any desire to suppress a point of view.

Aside from the inherent evil of alleged "mind control," the central charge which anti-cult groups level against authoritarian communal sects like Hare Krishna, Moon's church or the Children of God is that they break up families. Parents often lose contact with their progeny when the latter are assimilated into totalistic religious movements. Even spouses have been lost to the "God squad." Retaliatory tactics like abduction and forcible deprogramming widen the gulf between converts and their relatives, as the former avoid the latter lest they be seized and carried off to a motel room for deprogramming. To some this turmoil may suggest Matthew 10:35, where Jesus announces, "For I have come to part asunder a man from his father, and a daughter from her mother, and a newly married wife from her mother-in-law." Although the primary targets of deprogrammers and anti-cult groups are usually authoritarian total commitment sects, hysteria over "strange cults brainwashing our kids and turning them into zombies" also threatens less totalistic groups, which may appear equally alien (e.g., Indian gurus) to worried relatives.

When the state endorses the seizure and forcible deprogramming of adults, either explicitly as in the Trauscht system or implicitly when abductors are not prosecuted, authority to use coercion is conferred upon vigilantes more fanatic and more brutal than the sectarians they persecute. Wherever coercive deprogramming is tolerated, a psychiatrist or psychologist has been mystifying the community with tales of "mind control." The real danger lies more in the encroachments of psychiatry-psychology than in the depredations of vigilantes. The doctors now presume to arbitrate between legitimate and illegitimate religions.

Movements such as the Unification Church or Hare Krishna have few defenders in the general public. The Left is justly wary of Reverend Moon's Manichean anti-communism and his ties to the Park dictatorship. Other

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more innocuous gurus are disdained for their belief that alienation under capitalism may be transcended by chanting and meditation. But if a young adult can be deprogrammed for being a Moonie or a Hare Krishna, can he not receive the same treatment for being a Maoist or a Trotskyite? One member of the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC) is known to have been abducted and deprogrammed by Ted Patrick. According to Patrick, the abducted woman had been "psychologically kidnapped by that labor group. They use this on-the-spot hypnosis and brainwashing and mass psychology, the same as Hitler and Red China. You know the whole nation of Red China is under ESP mind control." Not to be outdone, the NCLC has charged the FBI and the CIA with using persons such as Patrick to brainwash their members.

If persecution of deviant religions on obscurantist grounds of "mind control" is institutionalized, its application to political dissidents may be inevitable. The Left has a stake in the liberties of Moonies and Krishnas. □

MODEL FOR FRAUD

MICHIGAN'S MEDICAID RIP-OFF

EDWIN E. CHEN

Lansing, Mich.

When Michigan's lawmakers returned from vacation last fall to discover that the state's Medicaid program had run out of money, they had good reason to be astounded and, indeed, disbelieving. They had been led to believe that Michigan had the best and most efficiently administered Medicaid program in America.

Hailed as a model for the nation, Michigan's $810 million-a-year program had overspent itself because 20 per cent or more of its annual budget had ended up in the pockets of white-collar thieves—doctors, dentists, therapists, podiatrists, chiropractors and operators of nursing homes, hospitals, pharmacies, testing laboratories and clinics.

Thus, after four years of deception and self-serving proclamations of excellence by top state bureaucrats, the facts came out: Michigan's laws and administrative practices designed to regulate Medicaid are so full of loopholes—a laxity compounded by official reluctance to lock horns with the health-care industry—that unscrupulous providers are almost invited to exploit the system. Indeed, record numbers are doing so, and with virtual assurance of being undetected—or, if caught, unpunished—in a system that heretofore had been universally accepted without question as the best the country has to offer. Remarkably enough, it is still the system being used by the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare as a model for a nationwide crackdown on Medicaid fraud, now estimated to cost taxpayers at least $750 million a year.

Tales of profiteering, fraud and other abuses began to be heard almost as soon as the Great Society enacted, nearly eleven years ago, its national health-care program for welfare recipients. The avaricious schemes in Michigan are the same as those discovered elsewhere: billing for services never rendered; supplying a patient with a generic drug but billing for a more expensive name brand; double billing; ordering more diagnostic tests and treatments than the patient requires, a practice also associated with kickbacks; splitting up groups of lab tests so that they can be billed individually at higher rates; overdiagnosing or encouraging ambiguous lab results to justify further tests or even surgery; and self-dealing (whereby a provider buys services from himself at inflated prices, which are then reimbursed by the state because the relationship is hidden).

Until 1975, HEW had not one full-time Medicaid investigator; surveillance had been left up to each state, though the program had grown from $4.9 billion in 1970 to more than $15 billion, with 23 million Americans now eligible.

When HEW Secretary F. David Mathews last March announced with considerable fanfare a forthcoming coast-to-coast Medicaid fraud search, he cited Michigan's "aggressive" anti-fraud unit as being so ruthless in pursuit of dishonest providers that its techniques would be applied everywhere. Mathews, too, had been duped by the unabashed propaganda from Michigan's Department of Social Services, which administers Medicaid in the state.

But several months after his press conference and while Michigan's top Medicaid administrators were in Washington to congratulate themselves before Congressional committees, the state's largest newspaper, *The Detroit News*, uncovered an avalanche of evidence to document Michigan's feeble, feckless—and, at times, seemingly duplicitous—attempts to stem the growing drain on the public treasury.

Confronted upon his return, Dr. John T. Dempsey, Social Services director, owned up: "If we could just build a foolproof system without subjective judgment and still meet the needs of the people, we could reduce Medicaid costs by 20 to 25 per cent." Within his department a four-year-old, twenty-nine-member "fraud squad" audits and investigates Medicaid provider claims; it is said to be the only outfit of its kind anywhere that recovers more money each year than its operation costs. In fiscal 1973, the unit recovered $80,500; in 1974, $995,370; in 1975, $1,200,554, and in 1976, $1,370,499.

Edwin Chen, a reporter for The Detroit News, *wrote with Steve Cain a series of articles on Medicaid fraud that was published last summer in the* News.

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It would seem an impressive record, except that in those same four years there was not one successful state prosecution of a fraudulent provider, although Social Services' files are full of evidence that cry out for swift and vigorous prosecution. In fact, the *News* uncovered instances where the Wayne County (Detroit) health department's nursing home evaluation reports list in detail numerous examples of Medicaid abuses. No action was ever initiated. "We screen these reports for licensing problems," a state public health department official explained. "But we don't use them directly as evidence in license denial proceedings."

One reason for failure to chase crooks with any zeal is the intrinsic conflict built into the "fraud squad," according to Donn Moffitt, an ex-cop who heads the section. He explained: "We wear two hats. One says, 'Let's get back as much of the public's money as we can.' The other says, 'Let's take the perpetrator into criminal court.' If we go for prosecution, we may lose all the money a provider owed or stole."

In Michigan, the state pays a doctor without question for whatever services he says he has performed for a welfare patient. If a question of overbilling later arises, the burden of proof is on the state to get any money back.

The script becomes a bitter joke among the "fraud squad"—and an oft-told *modus operandi* among the crooks: steal $1 million under the guise of treating indigent patients. If the state catches you (which is rare), agree to pay back a fraction—say, $250,000. At the same time, extract a written promise from the state that you will not be prosecuted. Bank the remainder—after having had use of the entire amount for years at no interest; or, perhaps, use it to expand your practice.

Even in rare instances where a Michigan provider has been caught red-handed, he is virtually guaranteed of being able to continue his practice without interruption. That's because of the reluctance of the state's Department of Licensing and Regulation to take action. The department includes seventeen boards, composed of members of health-care professions who are supposed to discipline their errant peers.

In ten years, the department's ten investigators have investigated a grand total of sixteen cases—all initiated after a physician was either indicted or convicted of fraud. "That's all we knew about," said Beverly Clark, department head. Eight of those sixteen cases came to the department's attention from newspaper articles. One of them concerned a suburban Detroit osteopath who was convicted (in federal court) on fifteen counts of fraudulent billings, fined $15,000 and put on two years' probation. The doctor's license was suspended for twenty-four hours.

"We felt he had suffered enough," said Dr. Dorothy Carnegie, executive secretary of the board of osteopathy. "As I recall, he was practicing in an underserved area in the inner city. He can't pay [the court fine] if he can't work."

The professional licensing boards differentiate between professional competence and integrity. Judging by their dismal record, honesty takes the back seat. State law says the licensing boards "may" revoke or suspend a professional's license after a conviction. "But it's an option," admits Clark. Her department views Medicaid fraud as "cases that don't hurt people," complained Richard Delonis, an assistant U.S. Attorney in Detroit who has successfully prosecuted several such cases—only to see the offender come out with a slap on the wrist, a small fine, perhaps a probation and then resume stealing from the public purse.

In a second case, a Detroit osteopath had his Michigan license revoked for twenty years after a 1951 conviction (again, in federal court) of selling morphine to narcotics agents. In 1972, his Michigan license was reinstated, despite a 1964 drug conviction in Texas. Last spring, the same doctor was indicted for defrauding Michigan of $70,000 and for conspiracy to help another person practice osteopathic medicine without a license.

Ed Valtman, Hartford Times

"The Inspector Asks If He Could Come in Tomorrow for His Regular Inspection Tour."

The circumstances surrounding this case shed light on another weakness in Michigan's Medicaid system, one that seems, inexplicably, to be self-imposed. That is the Social Services policy of notifying all providers ahead of time of an audit by Medicaid investigators. "We try to give them a reasonable period of time—not less than a week," admitted Paul Allen, deputy Social Services director. "The element of surprise only complicates and delays the audit unnecessarily."

Because of this practice, the dope-peddling osteopath was able to sanitize much of his fraudulent billing procedures before unsuspecting "fraud squad" members walked in. Nonetheless, he was still caught—though for a mere fraction of what he overbilled, according to two of his former employees who told the *News* that the doctor ordered them to fill out phony patient charts for two weeks prior to the audit.

The overriding factor in the state's struggle to cope with the runaway fraud, according to Allen, is the extreme difficulty in marshaling evidence that will stand up in court. "Mostly, we go after termination of a provider from Medicaid because we can't prove fraud." But, records

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show, termination is almost as elusive and frustrating a goal as conviction.

A typical case is that of still another Detroit osteopath who has no office but operates out of the trunk of his Cadillac. In 1975, he made $260,019.70, seeing as many as 140 patients a day and up to ten persons in a single household—and charging $15 a head. Social Services ordered the doctor be reviewed by two of his peers. They found the doctor was able to document each and every service. "He bills us and we pay him," Allen said. Neither he nor anyone else in Michigan has yet asked what kind of health care the needy can be receiving when some Medicaid doctors see more than 100 patients a day.

Termination is also hampered by a Michigan law called the Administrative Procedures Act, a well-intentioned statute which rip-off artists have learned to manipulate to keep themselves from being kicked out of the Medicaid program for years.

In one example, the state dropped a Detroit clinic from the program after it had blatantly overbilled by more than $2 million in less than three years. But the clinic appealed for administrative hearings, which already has dragged on for nearly a year. Meantime, it continues to rake in hundreds of thousands of public dollars. The eventual administrative ruling, if it goes against the clinic, is certain to be challenged in court, an appeals process that may take several more years. (At one point during secret negotiations aimed at an out-of-court settlement between Social Serivces and the clinic, the *News* obtained a written settlement proposed by the state that promised to keep the clinic in Medicaid if it would simply agree to reimburse the state $500,000, a fourth of what the state had said initially the clinic owed. After the deal was exposed, the whole matter became part of a burgeoning federal investigation into Medicaid fraud in Michigan. Also, a state representative has in his possession affidavits from "fraud squad" investigators alleging certain irregularities in Social Services-provider settlements that, they feel, suggest some state employees are accepting payoffs.)

Among the shrewdest users of the Administrative Procedures Act are nursing home operators. At any given moment, dozens of grossly substandard homes are promising to bring their facilities up to licensing standard to avoid closing by the state. But state files bulge with cases where these homes fall behind on meeting the schedule of their signed stipulations—and, meanwhile, piling up new violations. The state's only recourse is to convene yet another administrative hearing.

"We have a captive nursing home patient population, the victims of nursing home owners' maneuverings under the Administrative Procedures Act. The act does a superb job of protecting the property rights of the owners but not an equal job in protecting the rights of the patients. But I don't know how to change that," said Frederick Traill, chief of the state Public Health Department's health facility standards and licensing division.

The average time between the first state action to shut a nursing home and the ultimate closing (assuming that the state is successful, which often it is not) is 540 days, according to state Sen. John Otterbacher (D., Grand Rapids), who heads a special committee that has been investigating the nursing home industry for two years. "We have persons owning nursing homes who couldn't qualify for a liquor license because of their character or criminal records. That's where Michigan's priorities are."

Nationally, U.S. Sen. Herman Talmadge (D., Ga.), chairman of the finance committee's health subcommittee, has introduced legislation to set up a single Health Care Financing Administration in HEW and put a new assistant secretary over both Medicaid and Medicare. His bill would also set up a central fraud and abuse control unit under a new inspector general. His proposals gained new momentum last summer after the publication of a report by U.S. Sen. Frank Moss's subcommittee on long-term care. But even before that, Congress had voted funds to hire 119 full-time federal Medicaid sleuths.

Meantime, lawmakers here reacted with predictable outrage to the *News* stories which shattered the myth that Michigan's Medicaid program was number one. Special investigative committees were empaneled and hearings hastily arranged. Farcically, amid public hand-wringing and outcries of moral indignation, the tumultuous hearings were rocked by the revelation that two lawmakers (including a member of the Medicaid panel) had interfered with state investigations on behalf of two providers, their constituents, who were suspected of fraud.

In the end, the legislature voted more money to beef up the staffs of the "fraud squad" and the Attorney General's office. But the slipshod administrative practices and the reluctance of Social Services and Licensing and Regulation to go after the crooks went unscrutinized. And, despite the turmoil here, Michigan continues to get unwavering support from distant Washington. Said Dr. Paul Willging, deputy commissioner of HEW's medical service administration, the national Medicaid oversight agency: "Michigan runs a good fraud abuse detection program. We still look to Michigan in terms of the kinds of procedures and systems one should put in place. We consider Michigan a model for the nation."

Such votes of confidence make Michigan bureaucrats smug—so much so that the state didn't bother to send even one representative to a September meeting in Atlanta of the National Governors Conference task force on Medicaid reform.

After the fall elections, the legislature returned to find a new slew of remedial legislation which, together, holds the promise of putting fraudulent providers out of business and into jail. Among the proposals are new laws to give the Attorney General subpoena powers to compel the testimony of reluctant witnesses and to require automatic suspension or revocation of a professional's license after a fraud conviction, plus treble damages.

"The health-care lobby here is among the most powerful in Lansing," said Senator Otterbacher. "And they've gotten their way for a long time here. They have a lot of weight to throw around, and they do. They have successfully obstructed most major reform measures in the past." Therefore until the measures become law—if they do—perhaps HEW would do well to look elsewhere for a model Medicaid system in the United States. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Nuclear Energy at the Grass Roots

UNACCEPTABLE RISK: The Nuclear Power Controversy. *By McKinley C. Olson. Bantam Books. 309 pp. $2.25.*

THE ELECTRIC WAR: The Fight Over Nuclear Power. *By Sheldon Novick. Sierra Club Books. 376 pp. $12.50.*

HARVEY WASSERMAN

The popular literature on nuclear power plants is fast assuming enormous proportions, and with good reason.

This past year saw referenda involving some 20 per cent of the nation's population, the introduction of mass civil disobedience into the conflict (*The Nation*, September 11, 1976), and the election of a President at least ostensibly committed to some sort of environmental restraints on nuclear proliferation.

In these early weeks of 1977, we are seeing the demise of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy (JCAE), one of the most powerful of the industry's supporters on Capitol Hill. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), long an industry rubber stamp, is now undergoing internal upheaval, as is the hitherto solid consensus of the utilities in favor of atomic energy. For some time now, the utilities have been cutting back their reactor orders, largely due to economic factors, but also because of the hidden costs of political uncertainty.

For nuclear power has become what may be America's most volatile issue since Vietnam, and has sent thousands of political activists as well as ordinary citizens deep into scientific and semi-scientific texts in search of education and, ultimately, ammunition. Among the best of these new books are McKinley Olson's *Unacceptable Risk* and Sheldon Novick's *Electric War*.

Olson's book has been issued in the welcome form of an inexpensive paperback. It features a map of nuclear power reactors in the United States, and it's written in the unassuming but fluid prose of a man intent on explaining the basics to a classroom of earnest but technically backward students.

There's no doubt throughout that Olson is an opponent of nuclear energy. "A serious threat to the future of all life on this planet" is the opening line of his introduction, and from there he works through the long litany of technical nightmares—melt-downs, plutonium shortages, low-level radiation, sabotage, environmental destruction. But he has the good sense to weave all this into a very human narrative of citizen involvement and response. "Some of the most bitter, instructive battles in the controversy over nuclear power have been fought on the local level," he tells us. And "one of them was sparked by a bolt of lightning," in this case a heavenly flash that triggered the warning system at the Philadelphia Electric's Peach Bottom site and sent terrified workers fleeing the area. That was in July of 1971, and when a second bolt struck a year later, causing a massive steam release, a local citizens' movement was born that eventually brought cancellation to plans for two additional nearby nukes.

Olson also narrates the successful opposition to the Koshkonong project in Wisconsin, where a local citizen tells him: "This plant would be located across the road from me. That was instant religion." Indeed, if there is any single overriding insight to be gained from Olson's book, it's that "nuclear power will probably be stopped locally before it's stopped nationally." Support for nuclear construction generally diminishes with proximity to the site, and all over the world—including Japan and Western Europe—the fiercest battles over atomic reactors have come from the communities slated to host them, or their next-door neighbors. Olson has written his book for precisely that grass-roots constituency, and his highly readable volume deserves a large audience.

Of a considerably different style and orientation is Sheldon Novick's *Electric War*. Novick is editor of *Environment Magazine*, and author of *The Careless Atom*, one of the very early, very important popular books on the atomic question.

From the outset of this second volume, Novick builds his attack around the fact that nuclear power plant technology is inseparable from nuclear weapons technology, that the two industries grew as Siamese twins, and that many of the political as well as technological problems of commercial atomic energy stem from its military mate.

"Throughout 1946," Novick writes early on, "there were bitter fights in Congress over the nature of postwar control of atomic energy. Almost everyone who participated in the debate assumed two things, both then false: first, that we possessed a large military atomic force; and second, that the atom could be used for dramatic peacetime work in the near future." But what had happened, says Novick, is that the Hiroshima bomb had consumed the military's entire supply of fissionable uranium, while Nagasaki had received the dubious benefits of all its plutonium. And there was no machinery ready to replace that material.

But by 1953, enormous sums of government money had solved the problem. By then the Atomic Energy Commission "owned and operated three towns; it employed 65,000 construction workers, 5 per cent of the nation's entire construction labor force; it consumed 10 per cent of the country's electric power," and it was on its way to a $9 billion nuclear investment. With such a monolith churning out fissionable material, the search for profitable, politically appealing uses for the excess became inevitable, and it's here that Novick introduces us to the people in charge of the commercial end—the electric utilities.

Novick's history cuts to the core of the current struggle over flat rates which consumer groups advocate for equalizing charges for both large and small users. The cost of transmitting electricity is still high enough to make it worthwhile for large industrial users to build and operate their own generating facilities—if they were forced to pay actual costs, i.e., if they were stripped of the public and home-owner subsidy. It was on that subsidy that the utility monopolies were built, and without them they could very well fall.

At the same time, the electric merchants have been forced to sell the individual consumer on as much consumption as possible. This is responsible for the birth of the grotesquely inefficient "All Electric Home." This marketing masterpiece involves nothing less than burning fuel to create heat to turn turbines to generate electricity

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which must then be transported immensely inefficient miles only to be reconverted (inefficiently again) back into heat. As opposed to something a bit less difficult—such as merely burning the fuel in the home and using it directly—the energy loss is staggering. But so is its profit potential, as we're now seeing in electric-heated homes whose bills have soared beyond anyone's wildest projections. This is the stuff consumer revolts are made of, and it's also the sort of situation that produces extreme measures—such as nuclear power plants.

With army surplus technology on hand, massively subsidized and ready to go, a number of forward-looking utilities took the plunge. As is the wont of conservative corporations, they were hesitant at first. But as the "peaceful atom" sales pitch intensified and the government poured billions into its newly legitimized military byproduct, the terms became "hard to resist." Fuel enrichment and waste disposal were taken on by the government, and insurance was covered by the Price-Anderson Act, which graciously limited liability for a nuclear catastrophe to a token sum, and then covered most of that with taxpayer money.

There was, of course, the hope of electricity "too cheap to meter," which would erase forever the specter of decentralized power. But there was also the "rate base," which allows electric companies to build their profit margin on the amount of capital they've invested to generate their product. The more they spend, the more they can charge, and what better pawn in that game than a multibillion-dollar nuclear plant churning out juice for an all-electric nation?

However, a drop in the *growth rate* of demand would be enough to shake the whole house of cards. And thus Novick brings us to 1973-75, when demand did fall, when dormant public utilities commissions came to life and actually refused rate hikes, when the bills of fully 3 per cent of Con Ed of New York's customers were in arrears. Predictably, that same Con Ed turned to the state government to bail it out of a nuclear construction project it could no longer afford to finish, while utilities across the map have begun to abandon their own nuclear projections en masse.

Interspersed with these historical accounts are long interviews with activists on both sides of the nuclear fence. Novick has the good sense not to pretend disinterest, and as a result his talks with the industry heavyweights are quite intriguing, particularly those with Mike McCormack and William Anders. McCormack, a JCAE mainstay and one of atomic power's biggest boosters, spends his pages complaining about how much he thinks anti-nuclear speakers can make on the college circuit. Anders, the ex-astronaut who was first chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, contributes this sparkling repartee:

Novick: Would you like to comment on the energy ant?

Anders: Energy ant?

Novick: That is the symbol, the Federal Energy Agency's symbol. The symbol of the national campaign to conserve energy. Generally to represent the agency the way Smoky the Bear represents. . . .

Anders: When I see an ant, I step on it.

Both Novick and Olson present chapters on natural energy, the main hope of the anti-nuclear movement. As they both point out, there is ample evidence that the United States could do quite well with a strong conservation program coupled with a rise in solar power, thus laying the groundwork to eventually phase out not only nuclear plants but coal and oil as well. It is, on paper, quite possible to do that and vastly improve the quality of all our lives. But it was also possible to have had a total withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam in 1965. But what are the politics of that decision, and when does the option become at all real? On that question, there's a distinct silence in both books and, perhaps, the environmental movement as a whole.

In many locales the AFL-CIO trades councils have become vociferous and powerful supporters of nuclear projects. Construction unions are plagued with 50 per cent unemployment in many areas of the country, and no one can deny that reactor projects will put at least some of them to work. That isn't to say the workers are insensitive to the dangers of nuclear power. It's now quite common to meet construction laborers who will gladly admit that their ideal solution is to build plants that will never open. But no union boss will ever tell you that, and the anti-nuclear movement can expect fierce resistance from many powerful labor organizations for some time to come.

Alternative forms of energy will not put construction workers on the job next week or next month. They may, however, mean long-range jobs for the relatively unskilled and unorganized workers, and that's a division the anti-nuclear movement will have to face fairly soon. It will also have to face the fact that nuclear power represents a trillion-dollar industry, and may not be budged without the prospects of some very real social upheaval. The environmental movement has yet to really deal with the prospect of a long struggle—a real-life "electric war"—at the grass roots. But it may have to soon, and how it does that will be one of the more crucial political dramas to unfold over the next few years. □

Oil: The Lower Economics

THE CONTROL OF OIL. *By John M. Blair. Pantheon Books. 441 pp. $15.*

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

John Blair who died at the end of last year was one of the most valuable economists of the last two generations. From the beginning of his federal service in 1938, Blair specialized in industrial organization—the activities of the corporate monsters which dominate economic life and the public agencies which ostensibly regulate them. As a young man in the waning years of the New Deal, Blair wrote several Temporary National Economic Commission monographs. These detailed individual industry analyses were just about the only legacy of the last serious inquiry into concentrated economic power that has occurred in this country. Although the four decades which have elapsed since the TNEC wound up its affairs have transformed the American economy, somehow Congress, which has investigated nearly everything else, has never re-examined the individuals and corporations which affect the general welfare more substantially than both Congress and the President.

From the TNEC Blair moved to the Federal Trade Commission where he directed a monumental *Staff Report on the International Petroleum Cartel* and the FTC's subsequent evaluation of the mandatory oil import quota which Exxon and its chums extracted from the complaisant Eisenhower administration. Blair crowned his career with fourteen years of magnificent performance as Chief Economist of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monop-

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oly. Famous in their time, the Kefauver hearings (which Blair staged) managed for a spell to divert public attention from the Mafia to the sins of the pharmaceutical industry.

His magisterial *Concentration of Economic Power*, published after his retirement in 1970, is an indispensable survey of the many ways the owners of concentrated economic power have sabotaged competition and ruined smaller rivals. Blair was a lonely figure in his profession. Modern economics is conservative in tendency and abstract in methodology. Patient grubbing into the details of business operation wins few rewards for the young and ambitious. In fact Blair practiced what Myron Sharpe has aptly termed the lower economics. The higher economics, a matter of elegant mathematical models and abstruse deductive logic, wins Nobel Prizes for its most eminent adepts. By contrast, lower economics, in Sharpe's words, is peopled by "economists dealing with practical matters." Not only do the lower economists "have easy communication with the outside world," but worse, "their economics is adulterated by foreign admixtures of politics, moral judgments and sociology." Naturally, "the practitioner at this level merits little esteem."

The Control of Oil, Blair's final major work, is an excellent example of the lower economics at its most valuable. In the volume's initial five chapters, Blair writes an utterly lucid account of the maneuvers which, at least until the cataclysms of 1973, conferred upon Exxon and its six sisters imperial dominion over global energy markets. The domestic complement to these foreign triumphs was a not entirely successful war against the independent refiners, drillers, and retailers who at times introduced distressing elements of price competition into the American market. In some mordant pages, Blair explains just how the energy giants used the 1973-74 crisis to put the squeeze on their smaller rivals. When necessary, the oil majors enlisted government on their side. The Texas Railroad Commission controls the shipment of petroleum out of the state and in years past sheltered the industry from inconvenient surpluses. One of the benefits of the Eisenhower oil quotas was protection of the major oil companies against the threat of imports from Libya where a group of independent oil companies had secured valuable concessions.

Oil company propagandists like to cite the relatively modest percentage of the total market controlled by the industry's four biggest units. Blair should convince anyone not actually on a company payroll that concentration ratios here at least tell a misleading story. The oil companies engage in numerous joint ventures which diminish potential rivalry and promote a cozy community spirit. Their executives serve together as board members of major banks, insurance companies, and other producing organizations. No need for the formal collusive practices which are frowned upon by the Department of Justice when such an inspiring coincidence of mutual interest binds the major oil companies together.

The energy crisis which struck this country as an apparent bolt from the blue was, as Blair traces its origins, entirely predictable. OPEC, using the Yom Kippur war as convenient ideological cover, simply exerted the leverage upon the American market which rapid exhaustion of domestic oil reserves and growing reliance on Middle Eastern imports created. Without import restrictions during the late 1950s and 1960s, American reserves would now be much larger and the capacity of OPEC to blackmail American foreign policy correspondingly smaller.

As matters stand, Blair is convinced that energy conservation is the largest component of viable energy policy during the decade or more that will be required to develop alternatives to petroleum. As a supplement to conservation, oil from shale and secondary and tertiary recovery from existing oil reservoirs will arrest the steep decline of domestic production.

Blair is least convincing in answering the crucial question of how our imperial energy corporations can be brought to heel. He examines three traditional approaches. The first is the public utility model. Nothing in the long and feeble record of government regulation of railroads and electrical utilities should encourage optimism about the potentialities of regulation. He is similarly skeptical about nationalization as a solution as it has little support in American tradition, and events in Italy, Britain, France and elsewhere suggest that nationalized enterprises can be as heedless of the public interest as so many private corporations.

The solution which Blair prefers is the infusion of genuine competition into the energy industry. He would strengthen the antitrust statutes and repeal present legal encouragements to monopoly. Surely antitrust is at least as unrealistic as its alternatives. In the eighty-seven years since Congress passed the Sherman Act, major corporations have grown larger and competition has been progressively diminished. Indeed one of antitrust's most famous victories was that 1911 Supreme Court decision which carved up the old Standard Oil trust

Will senior citizens seize too much power?

The idea that senior citizens might, some day in the foreseeable future, become the most powerful political force in society and use that power to exploit youth is an idea that has been seriously voiced by some social observers.

In **THE GRAY LOBBY** Henry J. Pratt, who does not share this view of old-age menace, traces the history of the growth of political influence among the aging that has been striking enough to make such an idea conceivable.

Pratt analyzes the pension movement from 1922 to 1935 which culminated in Social Security legislation. He then shows how growing collective awareness and resentment of a poverty-ridden isolation from the rest of society brought into being a series of groups to agitate for legislation to relieve their plight. In 1967, federal spending on old-age programs was $25 billion; in 1972 it was $229 billion. Pratt tells how this came about not because of "clout" but because the leaders of the senior citizens groups learned to present their legitimate grievances in a manner acceptable to politicians and to link their demands to those of the larger society.

THE GRAY LOBBY has implications beyond its immediate concern. It is a case-study of the functioning of public policy and how it can be made responsive to the needs of private citizens.

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into five successor companies. Just as though the Supreme Court had stayed mute, the five have managed to coordinate their policies and avoid serious rivalry.

It is indeed unlikely that anything much will be done to restrict the freedom of action of the oil companies until a significant leftward shift in American politics occurs. If and when such a movement occurs, public ownership will become both possible and preferable to either regulation or vain attempts to fragment the industry. At the moment, it is business as usual for the oil companies. □

Eavesdropping on the Quotidian

GENE LYONS

Madison Avenue and the organized churches aside, marriage has few defenders these days, and if a social unit can be invented that will move more lawn mowers, console TV sets, station wagons and automatic corn poppers than the nuclear family, the only place you will be able to see a married couple will be on educational television. At first glance Andre Dubus's *Separate Flights*, published in 1975 (David R. Godine, Boston, 206 pp. $8.95) seems to be one more brief for the prosecution. After ten years of marriage here is how the narrator and protagonist of the novella "We Don't Live Here Anymore" talks about the institution:

> For some years now I have been spiritually allergic to the words husband and wife. When I read or hear husband I see a grimly serene man in a station wagon; he is driving his loud family on a Sunday afternoon. They will end with ice cream, sticky car seats, weariness, and ill tempers. In his youth he had the virtues of madness: rage and passion and generosity. Now he gets a damp sponge from the kitchen and wipes dried ice cream from his seat covers. He longs for the company of loud and ribald men, he would like to drink bourbon and fight in a bar, steal a pretty young girl and love her through the night. When someone says wife I see the confident, possessive, and amused face of a woman in her kitchen; among bright curtains and walls she offers her husband a kiss as he returns from the day sober, paunchy, on his way to some nebulous goal that began as love, changed through marriage to affluence, is now changing to respectable survival. She is wearing a new dress. From her scheming heart his balls hang like a trophy taken in battle with a young hero long dead.

His own marriage is not even remotely like that; nor is the marriage of his best friend Hank, whom he is cuckolding, and who before the end of the story will have returned the favor. But this is the stance they like to assume when the need for excusing themselves from the sins of egomania seizes them. Now drinking with the boys is one thing, but anybody who longs for fist fights is a sentimentalist: either he had very few in his youth or he watches far too many cowboy movies. And as for the one-night stand, it is likely to be the leading cause of marriage. No amount of masculine or feminist posturing has been able to conceal or change that. In our culture anyway, casual copulation seems to make almost everybody sad.

The vision behind Dubus's fiction is sober, unsparing and exact, but never pitiless. With one or two exceptions, stories like "The Doctor," or "In My Life," which are so short and comparatively slight as to seem almost unfinished, any of the novella and seven short stories contained in *Separate Flights* might serve as textbook examples of what one means by calling a fiction writer a "craftsman." Dubus puts his stories together like a man with one eye on the future and declines to argue, as I have done in the first paragraph, with contemporary cant and delusion. Each of the stories has its own voice and point of view, as if Dubus were telling his readers rather flatly that: "Here is the way they lived inside American houses in the latter third of the 20th century. This is what they said and did and what they cared about and cried over. You may draw your own conclusions." In many ways he is like Joan Didion without the name brands and the grotesquery, perhaps because his characters live in New England, Iowa and Louisiana rather than in California. In the absence of God they construct their small melodramas out of an inability to live without some kind of myth, and in one way or another those melodramas involve the departure of love and the incipient discovery of mortality. It is time and faithlessness—religious and sexual—that destroys spontaneity. The way back always seems shorter than the way out, particularly if one has no good reason to return. It bears mentioning that Dubus is, or was at least—it is impossible to tell from the stories themselves—a Catholic.

I find I must correct myself. Some of the characters in one of his stories, "Miranda Over the Valley," do live in Southern California. The Miranda of the title is a Boston University freshman who discovers on Halloween that she was impregnated by her high school boyfriend just before leaving Los Angeles. Her parents fly her home to poolside to talk her out of marriage and into an abortion, offering her more or less as a bribe a Christmas trip to Acapulco with her lover, a conscience-stricken young man who plans to become a poverty lawyer. Her mother is abortion's most strenuous advocate:

> ". . . What are you going to be, pussycat—a dumb little housewife? Your husband will be out in the world, he'll be growing, and all you'll know is diapers and Gerbers. You've got to finish college—" . . . She looked at Michaelis; he was watching her mother, listening. "You can't make marriage the be-all and end-all. Because if you do it won't work. Listen: from the looks of things we've got one of the few solid marriages around. But it took work, pussycat. Work." Her eyes gleamed with the victory of that work, the necessity for it. "And we were older. I was twenty-six, I'd been to school, I'd worked; you see the difference it makes? After all these years with this guy—and believe me some of them have been like standing in the

Gene Lyons, who is contributing a monthly column to The Nation, *lives in Little Rock, Ark. He has written for* Harper's, The New York Review of Books, Texas Monthly *and other magazines.*

THE SILO
(Hillsdale, Michigan.)

Two great elms. Hills beyond them;
fields and a white hillhouse.
Windrows filled with snow—
the rest, hay stubble.
Silence rustles along the road.

The trees are set to snarl the air just so,
their limbs stark in the morning,
and in them the redbird rouses.

Through the mist of limbs
there is a silo with its gray barn:
a swallow climbs up the still air
with straw in its beak,
and another dives down
through the haze and a flock of sparrows.

In the hills there are feldspar and quartz,
colors dull as the leaves the wind has used.
The clouds, white as whey,
skim the firs, small animals
concerned with windfalls,
and the hawk in the spiral currents.

Lewis Turco

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rain—now that I'm getting old and going blind from charcoal smoke at least I know I didn't give anything up to get married. Except my independence. But I was fed up with that. And all right: I'll tell you something else too. I'd had other relationships. With men. That helped too. There—" she lightly smacked the table "—that's my confession for the night."

But her face was not the face of someone confessing.

Her father puts it even more simply: "Listen sweetheart, I know you can work. That's not the point. The point is, why suffer?" Miranda, however, cannot help but suffer; she is the suffering kind, and flying to New York with her mother for the abortion is not to her like having a hangnail treated. Unlike her roommate in Boston she is no good at casual lovemaking; both the trip to Acapulco and her relationship with Michaelis are off at the end of the story and "her mother's eyes (and, yes, her father's too) were hesitant, vulpine. How can we get our daughter back? the eyes said. We have saved her. But now how do we get her back?"

I hope that the reader will not jump to conclusions from a summary that necessarily simplifies a story that is, after all, about a young woman making an important decision, a story, if you will, about the impossibility of one's youthful expectations. It is not possible to determine, on the evidence at hand, what Dubus thinks about abortion as an abstract legal, moral or even theological question; I suspect he would say it doesn't matter to the story. The things to notice are the author's fictive gifts and his discipline, the carefully restrained wit and compactness of his characterizations.

The protagonists of "We Don't Live Here Anymore" have all four made the opposite, or at least one of the other choices on the unmarried pregnancy question. We have heard one of the husbands. Here is the other:

> . . . A love affair is abandon. Put the joy back in fucking. . . . It doesn't even matter if you love Terry. You're married. What matters is not to hate each other, and to keep peace. The old Munich of marriage. You live with a wife, around a wife, not through her. She doesn't run with you and come drink beer with you, for Christ sake. Love, shit. Love the kids. Love the horny wives and the girls in short skirts. Love everyone, my son, and keep peace with your wife. Who, by the way, is not invulnerable to love either.

The complications that ensue between and among two couples who know one another with sufficient intimacy to feel sympathy and even a kind of love all around are so sad, so harrowing when they all decide to confess to each other and tell the "truth," and so perfectly calibrated for time and place and character (academics in a small Massachusetts town in the late 1960s) that anyone who has ever lived in such surroundings may wonder from time to time whether Dubus has been eavesdropping upon the souls of people he has known, and perhaps even upon his own.

Having said all of this, it must also be reported that in its very exactitude and spurning of rhetorical melodrama, Dubus's style occasionally disappoints the very expectations that it raises. Observing his wife, who after all is only 30—she sounds at times and is spoken of as if she were twenty years older—the narrator of "We Don't Live Here Anymore," who describes her as "the prettiest girl I had ever seen; or rather, the prettiest girl I had ever touched," sees in her "that sad, pensive look that married women get after a few years," and castigates himself for having abandoned her emotionally. But after a while one wonders whether or not he, and by extension the author, has not come by his "tragic" detachment a little too easily. None of Dubus's characters tries very hard to be good; if any of them have serious work to do besides measuring the velocity of their fall *into helplessness it is rarely reported.* Much as I admire the skillful presentation of the novella I am prone to wonder, after a while, as George Orwell wondered over Graham Greene's Scobie from *The Heart of the Matter*, whether or not "if he really felt that adultery was mortal sin, he would stop committing it; if he persisted in it, his sense of sin would weaken."

Similar reservations qualify my admiration for "If They Knew Yvonne," a piece that seems more memoir than fiction about a young man's reconciliation of sexuality and Catholic puritanism in Louisiana—Dubus was raised and educated there—during the 1950s. Again, anybody *that* guilty over masturbation probably would either have quit or become considerably less pious about it. In any case Dubus's nice evocation of his protagonist's betrayal of his first lover, the Yvonne of the title, in a mo-

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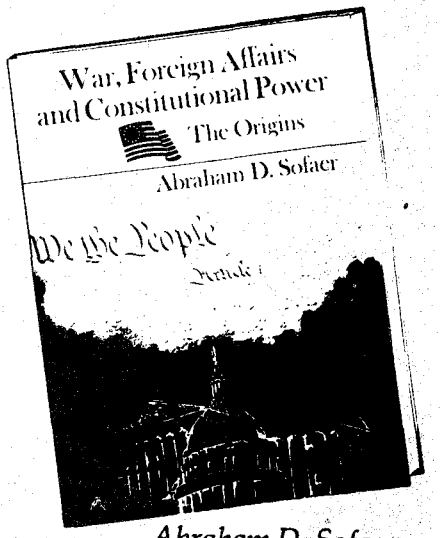

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ment of callow adolescent braying is in itself worth the price of the book, as is the evocation of the boyish innocence of his sister's 5-year-old son that ends it. It is in moments like Yvonne's shaming that it all begins, this war between men and women, and reading the story might well help to effect a minor truce or two. Not all women were so blamelessly exploited then as they sometimes like to remember, and not all men were or are so proud of exploiting.

"Separate Flights," the title story of the collection, displays the same strengths as the others, and there the steadiness and integrity of Dubus's style lends force to an otherwise familiar figure: the middle-aged, middle-class person whose life has come to nothing. Very little that is out of the ordinary or even detectable to anyone but her husband—when he is paying attention—happens to Beth Harrison. She drinks too much, fantasizes lovers she is too timid to take, dries out for a while, and when her youngest daughter Peggy goes away to college yields to boozing again. When her husband wonders if her discontent has been caused by the onset of menopause she admits to a form of slow-motion suicide: "I'll die of lung cancer, wearing a tampax."

There is one passage in "Separate Flights" that epitomizes both my admiration for and reservations about Dubus's work, and perhaps the best way to deal with my own ambivalence is to try it out on you and let you decide for yourselves. It occurs during a passage discussing Beth Harrison's insomnia:

> She knew this much, though: she was not equipped to solve a problem of this sort. Until now she had always dealt with problems that had alternatives and you weighed them and made a choice, like buying one dishwasher instead of another. But now the buyer's instinct was useless: what was needed was a probing insight into herself, and this was a bitter and unprofitable task. For when she did try to explore herself she found—oh God: she found nothing.

That part of my critical sense that responds to the tight economy of Dubus's writing is pleased; another part of me is made uneasy at the invocation of the familiar suburban Nada and wishes that in this story as in others Dubus would be a bit less craftsmanlike and more adventurous in both plot and theme. But I may be asking for an essay instead of a story by asking that. Dubus might very well respond that he doesn't exactly know why his characters feel so sad, or that what he knows is no more than what we can all read about in any issue of *Newsweek* or *Ms.* So I leave it up to you.

In any case Andre Dubus is exactly the kind of writer who has been well served by publishing with Godine, for while that house is hardly unknown, it treats a book of short stories like these in a way that a large publishing house would not. *Separate Flights* is not only very handsomely designed and printed but it is still in print and very much available now, almost two years since its publication date. Had it come out with a large commercial press it would very likely have died unmentioned in about three months, and would long since have been remaindered. In the long run Godine will probably do well with the book; Dubus is too good to languish unread. One has only to read a few pages to know that one is reading the genuine thing. Your bookstore can order it for you, or you can send directly to the publisher at 306 Dartmouth St., Boston. Or you might read, in the Winter 1977 edition of *Sewanee Review*, a previously unpublished novella by Dubus that came to my attention too late to be reviewed here. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

August Bournonville is ballet's big secret; some would claim ballet's secret jewel. He was as prolific as his contemporary, Petipa, and almost as prolific as our own master of the ballet, Balanchine. Yet his ballets are rarely performed outside his home turf of Denmark, and nowadays the Royal Danish Ballet does not perform them much either, apparently unable to decide whether Bournonville is an amulet or millstone. Judging from what little Bournonville the Danes brought to America last spring, the feud has sapped the company of its strength and confidence to dance Bournonville. For if there was ever a demanding choreographer, he is it. And if the petit bourgeois charm radiating from his dances ever seduced one into thinking that they are as pleasant to dance as they are to look at, the New York City Ballet's current experiment with Bournonville clears our minds. Those nice, comfy ballets are killers. Perhaps it is this irony, plus a fascination with the difficult, that has kept the Bournonville fires burning—in Denmark to some extent and recently, perhaps with more fervor, in the United States. Such interests are obviously the connoisseurs' —historians and those so inclined, die-

CONTEST FOR NEW POETS

"Discovery—The Nation, '77" has been opened jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and The Nation. The competition, now in its third year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and The Nation's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

Winners of the 1976 contest were Philip Schultz, Mary Swander, Jane Teller and Ellen Bryant Voigt. They gave a group reading at The Poetry Center on May 3, and their poems appeared in The Nation of May 1.

Contest Information:

OPEN to poets whose work has not yet been published in book form. Book form includes chapbooks (small editions) and self-published books.

REQUIREMENTS: Ten poems (not more than 500 lines) of original poetry in English are to be submitted.

THE AWARDS: Each of the four winners will receive an honorarium of $50 and will be invited to read at The Poetry Center on Monday, May 2, 1977. Each winner will have one previously unpublished poem printed in The Nation magazine.

MANUSCRIPT DETAILS: Submit four complete sets of the ten poems, each set securely fastened. Your name, biographical information and information indicating whether a particular poem has been published should not appear on the poems. Instead, a separate cover page should include your name, address and phone number. Manuscripts will not be returned, so please retain a copy of your submission. The Nation reserves the right to publish at its regular rates any previously unpublished poems.

JUDGING will take place in April; winners will be chosen by judges whose names will be announced after the contest is over.

DEADLINE for receipt of poems: February 25, 1977.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO: The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10028. (212) 427-6000. Direct inquiries to Betsy Dunn, Assistant to the Director, The Poetry Center.

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hard lovers of the cultural underground, and dancers themselves, who would have avoided ballet study had they not been intrigued by the tricky and by a world of regulations so internally logical as to yield style.

Although my knowledge of Bournonville is limited—I have never seen the Danish chamber groups that have appeared at Jacob's Pillow during the summer—the City Ballet's new *Bournonville Divertissements* seems to me a true revelation of style. These *divertissements* consist of the *ballabile* from the first act of *Napoli*; a *pas de deux* from *Kermesse in Bruges*; a *pas de trois* from *La Ventana*; a *pas de deux* from *Flower Festival in Genzano*, and a *pas de sept* from *A Folk Tale*. They were staged by Stanley Williams, who was a soloist with the Royal Danish Ballet before coming here to teach at the School of American Ballet, the academy attached to the City Ballet. Two factors have conspired to make this exposure to Bournonville deeper than any other I have experienced. First, Williams seems to have reseeded into the choreography all the rhythmic complexities, details of deportment, and just plain steps that other revivalists have apparently weeded out. Second, the City Ballet dancers are trained to move with as much legibility as is humanly possible. By training, they are also the most musical dancers in the world and are therefore able to bring into full focus the overlapping rhythms of Bournonville's choreography, in which the concluding beat of one phrase is also the springboard into the next. How sneaky to build phrases that are both 4/4 and 5/3; how clever of the City Ballet dancers to unravel it for us. They are consummate exposers. Williams, via Bournonville, has given them lots to expose. And there you have it.

Exposure is double-edged. The very studiousness of the dancers' approach is a dragnet, and not everything to reach the light of day was as sweet and light as Bournonville intended. By digging in so deep, the dancers revealed not only the peculiarities of Bournonville but their own distance from it. Some of that distance is technical; some temperamental. Some of it shows the dancers to disadvantage; some, Bournonville at a disadvantage. One hallmark of Bournonville style requires men to jump repeatedly, as though on a trampoline, with their arms held down. A nasty business this, having to make the feet twinkle in the air without resorting to the arms for oomph. The City Ballet men, much to their credit, jumped over the hurdle, but they also made us see the hurdle they cleared. I'm not sure an audience should be privy to that. On the other hand, I'm not sure that Bournonville's isolation of foot and arm work contributes to the sensations of harmony that classical dance is supposed to engender. When is awkwardness piquant—when is it awkward? The two men who managed to jump without looking pinioned found ways to draw our attention away from their necessarily static torsos. Helgi Tomasson's fingers are so exquisitely poised, as though about to pluck a lute, that they twinkle as much as his beating beat. In *Kermesse in Bruges* Tomasson's fingers filled out the body, made it breathe. Peter Martins, in the *Flower Festival* duet, stressed the play of his shoulders and head to compensate for the lack of arm-body synchronization. Their successes were a triumph of dancer over choreographer. The other men won great admiration, but not even the elegance of Daniel Duell's beats in *Napoli*, the fierce clarity of Bart Cook's beats in *A Folk Tale*, or the lightness of Robert Weiss's jumps in *La Ventana* approached what I would call dancing. The problem was hardly incompetence but a lack of savvy in maneuvering in slightly inhospitable territory.

Bournonville favors men. What the women lose in provocative material protects them from fiendishly difficult feats. Their stuff is simply very hard. Yet there is another reason why these particular women were the more pleasing. Their ingrained exuberance and high-

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chested carriage is a built-in antidote to Bournonville's somewhat prissy charm. The very qualities that endow his style with darling femininity—low arm movements, flirtatious tilts of the head, a discreet use of leg extensions—also stultify women. The fact that both sexes share the same vocabulary to a greater degree in Bournonville than in any other ballet choreographer indicates sexual equality at first glance. But the scale and intonation of movement and gesture are so tipped in favor of men that the women emerge as mommies envisage their daughters (equal but smaller) and as daddies envisage them (eternal virgins). Not by a long shot could the ladies guided by Balanchine's aesthetics remain daughterly. Just about all of them moved a bit bigger and a bit more forcefully than is usually done with Bournonville. They did not dance themselves into a Russian palace exactly, but neither did they stay put in a Danish parlor.

The move away from the hearth was already evident at the première, on February 3, and was going full blaze by the second performance, two days later. The first performance was the purer, I guess (indeed, its classroom aura was so pronounced it was touching), while the second performance was more fun. In the *Kermesse in Bruges* duet, Patricia McBride's eyes recovered their flash, her extensions were more richly developed, and her back yielded again to its deep arch. Her entire demeanor was darker, more elaborate. She still had trouble dancing without the aid of linking steps, but the squabble between herself and Bournonville was on the way to being patched: she would negotiate the hard stuff on her own terms. (Tomasson, dancing with full power that night, did not have to negotiate anything.) By the second performance Suzanne Farrell was beginning to ride the crest of the narrative aspect of the *Flower Festival* duet. Although it was shocking to see one of the great dancers of our time flub something as elementary as *brisés*, her bumpkin entrance on the protective arm of Martins and subsequent transformation into a subtle flirt was funny and delicious enough to cancel out the technical snarls. She too began to acquiesce to her natural instincts—deeper plunges into arabesque, more luxurious turns of the arms. If she looked less Danish, Bournonville was none the worse for the new accent.

The greater the Balanchine/American imprint on Bournonville, the greater the chance for his success here. For it is not the novelty or difficulty of Bournonville that will win him enough friends to keep a box office happy. Nor is his adorable charm, cosy, middle-class sense of propriety, or even his vivacity likely to appeal to audiences whose tastes have been formed by the more sexual, more humane theatre of Balanchine and the Russian tradition from which it grew. It is ironic that of all the choreographers brought into the City Ballet repertory by Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein, no one is so close and yet so far from Balanchine as Bournonville. Both favor speed, density of steps, leanness of texture and offbeat musical accent. Both show a strong suspicion of the Tragic and a healthy acceptance of dance's limitations as an art form; thus, both have shown a marked preference for *musique dansante* over the so-called great literature. Yet to see Bournonville alongside Balanchine only underscores how much more mileage Balanchine has drawn out of their shared sensibility.

The reasonableness that leads Balanchine to prefer French music to German becomes provincialism in Bournonville. S. and J. Paulli, Lumbye, and Helsted raise the most feeble of Balanchine's collaborators, Drigo and Minkus, to Mozartian stature. The stringency with which both approach their craft has not steered Balanchine clear of love and all the other complications adults tangle with, but it seems to have confined Bournonville to the groves of Academe. This too has great appeal, especially during a time when most choreographers fail to recognize the difference between modern dance and ballet, much less attitude and arabesque. Bournonville's purity and intelligence would be more appealing—his dances might even move us—were his cheerfulness less dogged and his cameos encrusted, at least once in a while, with rubies. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Like its recent predecessors, *Fellini's Casanova* is yet another *tour de Fellini*, a bursting casket of visual astonishments enveloped for the most part in swirling mist. The atmosphere is by now familiar; it is a morbid fascination with depravity, which, it would seem, the director tries to exorcise by elaborating the unseemliness to theatrical extremes. Vice and luxury become memorable for their machinery; instead of worrying about the state of Fellini's fantasy world—which must be in some dishevelment—one marvels at the resources of his studio.

The movie's style is assertively artificial: when Casanova struggles to row himself home to Venice through a summer storm on the lagoon, the camera makes certain we are aware that the menacing waves are contrived of heaving fabric. And when he emerges from an opera house it is to find himself on a blasted heath. Just before that, however, Fellini shows us (it is one of his many antiquarian bonuses) how the great chandeliers were lowered after a performance and their hot brilliance of candles extinguished by custodians waving huge palm-leaf fans. He is so delighted by the ingenuities of pre-industrial society (there is also an organ with five or more independent consoles, several of which can be reached only by very tall stepladders on wheels) that it seems merely a matter of time before we are asked to be astonished by *Fellini's Leonardo*.

But this picture is not only a museum of obsolete engines; it is also an animation of the *Memoirs of Casanova*. And that notorious book is not just the compilation of a lecher's boastful exploits (though to boring repetition it is certainly that); it is also a shrewd, cynical, often cleareyed and witty commentary on the manners and morals of the ruling society over a large section of 18th-century Europe. Casanova had brains as well as balls; his behavior was deplorable, and it, along with his contempt for the dignity of church and state, kept him forever on the hop. Nevertheless, he repeatedly restored his fortunes by gaining a post at one or another court. Casanova knew how to make himself useful to princelings, and he was a good judge of the men he served. You would never guess that from this randy narrative.

Donald Sutherland looks precisely as you would expect Casanova to have looked (indeed he seems to be fitted with a mask of Casanova; it is surely not his own face he is showing), but Fellini has instructed him to act as though he were the gentleman's valet, masquerading in his master's clothes. To be sure, that's a familiar 18th-century conceit, but not the one that's wanted here. Casanova was a scoundrel but he was not a buffoon, and to play him as though he were drains the film of what zest it might have. To say that it is cold—which is what people are saying—I think misses the point, for Casanova was all of that. The real trouble is that, as Sutherland plays him, he lacks confidence, looks not at all dangerous, and seems ever on the verge of being booted down the backstairs. A sorry fellow, in short, and who cares about the manner of his rutting?

It is strange—Fellini fails here with

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a much lesser book as he failed with the superb *Satyricon*. He seizes upon everything in it that is sordid and unclean; he overlooks the vivacity and insight that make it worth consideration. Even the passages that are surely meant to be comic, or at least laughably grotesque (notably those in which Casanova struggles to rouse his abused virility) are made leaden by a seemingly morose distaste for the behavior under review. If he is so incapable of being entertained by human folly, why does Fellini spend so much energy on it? He seems to work himself up as he goes along. In its early passages the movie retains a certain tongue-in-cheek appreciation of naughtiness, but as Casanova, like an aging whore moving away from the bright lights of the boulevards, travels from France to Switzerland and then into the German principalities, manners become more uncouth, drunkenness more obsessive, faces more repellent, and Casanova seems more and more an object bottled in formaldehyde for display at a temperance lecture. His last bedding is with a life-sized mechanical doll, the creation of some German clockmaker—the moral is too pat.

The film offers some great moments: the chandeliers mentioned above, for example, and I shall not forget a Bruegel-like roadshow, performing on an English moor and with, as its star attraction, a 7-foot woman wrestler who plays at night with her dolls and is attended by two merry dwarfs. It is an eerie scene, alarming but seductive, and those by now predictable dwarfs will delight the members of the Fellini fan club. I used to belong, up until about the time of *8½*, but in recent years my membership has lapsed. □

RECORDS / David Hamilton

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39; *Finlandia*, Op. 26. Boston Symphony Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 9500 140. $7.98.

The first two symphonies of Sibelius partake strongly of that 19th-century, Beethoven-derived ethos of symphonic struggle, drawing particularly on the Tchaikovskyan line of descent—not surprisingly, given the cultural facts of life in Finland at the time. He turned thereafter to a leaner, less overtly expressive style, which however incorporated certain traits—somber colors, hymnic counterpoint and slow harmonic motion—that were widely interpreted as comforting evidence of high moral tone. (In fact, Sibelius, like Bruckner and Mahler, applied the Wagnerian time-scale to symphonic writing; unlike them, he didn't use it as the basis for much larger structures, but for concise forms with far less going on in them.) After serving in Germany as a sort of antithesis to Strauss and Mahler, he became after World War I a rallying point in England and America for those who felt threatened by still newer styles that apparently aspired to no such tone—or at least did not promulgate it in familiar or explicit ways. (Finland's good press in America probably didn't hurt either: I can still hear my grandmother reminding us that the Finns were the only people to repay their World War I debt in full, and no doubt in some circles, such as symphony subscribers, that kind of "morality" counted even more strongly than the musical variety.)

The prospect of an Eighth Symphony sweeping down from Helsinki to smite the heathen eventually faded, but the fact that Sibelius had been used as a weapon discouraged objective evaluation of his works among more progressive listeners and professionals. Eventually a reaction set in; its beginning can be dated from Virgil Thomson's very first *Herald Tribune* review, in which he found the Second Symphony "vulgar, self-indulgent, and provincial beyond all description," at the time a refreshing antidote to the panegyrics Olin Downes had been issuing in the *Times* since 1924. Measured against the claims of his more ardent supporters, Sibelius clearly didn't measure up.

Those battles are now over, and pretty well forgotten. No longer a threat to his contemporaries or ours, nor much comfort to the surviving anti-modernists, the Sibelius of the last five symphonies deserves a modest place in the repertory, particularly when played as well as by Colin Davis and the Boston Symphony in their current series of recordings (Symphonies 5 and 7 were issued last year on Philips 6500 959; the Second and Third are now being prepared for issue). Davis keeps a firm hand on the later works, never losing sight of the ultimate destination or letting the pieces dissolve into sectionality, and he doesn't wallow in the tempting sentiments of the First.

Since I passed my formative years in a musical enclave rather well insulated from Sibelius, I did not until recently encounter the various early recordings of his works, particularly those made in England in the 1930s under the auspices of the Sibelius Society. Many of them

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have recently been reissued on LP by World Record Club (available from import dealers in this country). Robert Kajanus, a Finnish colleague and contemporary of the composer, has poor success with the first two symphonies (SH 191/2, a two-disc set), perhaps because the scrappy unnamed orchestra has trouble following his rather free approach; unfortunately, that set also contains Kajanus's really imposing *Tapiola*. Another two-disc set (SH-173/4) offers the same conductor in strong, long-lined performances, with a better if not impeccable band, of the Third and Fifth; a much-admired Sixth played by Georg Schnéevoigt and the Finnish National Orchestra that I find scrappy and weakly played, and the best of Koussevitzky's Sibelius performances, a Seventh Symphony recorded in concert in 1933 (Koussevitzky's Second with the Boston Symphony, on RCA Victrola VIC-1510, is exactly the kind of soupy performance that the new Boston series seems to be avoiding successfully). Beecham does well by the Fourth and some tone poems (SH 173, also available at a lower price as Turnabout THS 65059), and his *A Saga* is coupled with the justly famous Heifetz recording of the Violin Concerto and with the only known recording of Sibelius himself conducting, a sturdy, fervent performance of a rather dull *Andante Festivo* (SH 207; the Violin Concerto is also available on Seraphim 60221). Of questionable worth is a 1934 Schnéevoigt performance of the Fourth, now issued for the first time (SH 237).

The best of these performances have in common a rhythmic steadiness that covers the often wide-open spaces in large mouthfuls, while avoiding a stifling strictness or frittering away of energy on fussy detail. Unrelated to the Sibelius Society recordings, but pre-eminent among early Sibelius performances, is Stokowski's 1929 version of *The Swan of Tuonela*, which sounds as if taken in a single long breath (RCA VCM 7101; recently deleted, but it may still be available in some stores). And Kirsten Flagstad's impressive collection of songs with orchestra has recently been reissued by London: SR-33216.

Coincidentally with these records has appeared the first volume (covering the years 1865-1905) of Erik Tawaststjerna's biography of the composer (University of California Press); although conventional in his approach to the music, Tawaststjerna fills in much valuable detail about the cultural life of which Sibelius was a part.

WAGNER: Prelude and *Liebestod* from *Tristan und Isolde*; *Wesendonk Lieder*. Jessye Norman, soprano. London Symphony Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 9500 031. $7.98.

Italian Operatic Arias. José Carreras, tenor. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Roberto Benzi, cond. Philips 9500 203. $7.98.

MOZART & ROSSINI: Operatic Arias. Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra; Edo de Waart, cond. Philips 9500 098. $7.98.

If Jessye Norman could sing Wagner's *Wesendonk Lieder* only this well in concert, she would be a wonder—but in fact she recently sang them even better with the New York Philharmonic: more shading, more freely floated high notes, and greater steadiness in the final song. (At the same concert, she also met nobly the quite different challenge of Berg's *Der Wein*, which she and Boulez subsequently recorded for Columbia; this will fill a significant blank spot in the catalogue.)

At full cry, in Isolde's *Liebestod*, the Norman voice specifically recalls that of the late Helen Traubel, sharing a not unpleasant *squillante* character in the upper register. She doesn't yet have the voice smoothly wrapped around the swells and curves of this piece, but the potential is clearly there—not merely of vocal scale but of imagination. In her own good time, Miss Norman may well become the next great Isolde.

The timbre and manner of José Carreras are also reminiscent: the liner notes compare him to the young Giuseppe di Stefano, but I hear too many accents of a later—and destructive—stage in that tenor's development, displacing the really sympathetic and sensitive singing that we have heard from Carreras previously. Especially on the Verdi side (which includes an aria from *Jérusalem* as well as more familiar pieces from *Lombardi*, *Forza*, *Luisa Miller* and *Ballo*), much of the singing is all-out, with aspirated attacks for emphasis and little attention to the dynamic gradations Verdi so carefully specifies, even at climaxes. The other side, embracing previously unrecorded arias by Mercadante, Bellini, Donizetti and Ponchielli, as well as the more familiar piece that Matteo Salvi composed for Donizetti's *Il Duca d'Alba*, is more moderate in approach, but still short on variety—a perhaps inevitable hazard of such records, but one that might have been minimized by the application of greater subtlety. Given the unconventional repertory, the annotations are less than helpful on the dramatic situations in which the arias occur, although texts and translations are included (as with all these records).

Frederica von Stade's recent disc of French arias (Columbia M 34206) gave me much pleasure, not least by revealing an emotional range beyond what she has shown in her New York stage roles to date—and a range that is, unfortunately, less evident in this new collection. Rosina and Cenerentola sing fleetly but without sparkle; Zerlina doesn't crack a smile in *Vedrai, carino*; the two great arias from Mozart's *Clemenza* are small in scale; and the ingenuous vagaries of Cherubino's second aria pass unnoticed, as if they were the most normal succession of musical events (cf. what Suzanne Danco and Erich Kleiber made of them in the London complete recording of the opera). One expects much from this singer because of what she has already accomplished; the talent and intelligence are obviously there, but as yet perhaps not enough experience and imagination to encompass so much repertory, so many different characters. □

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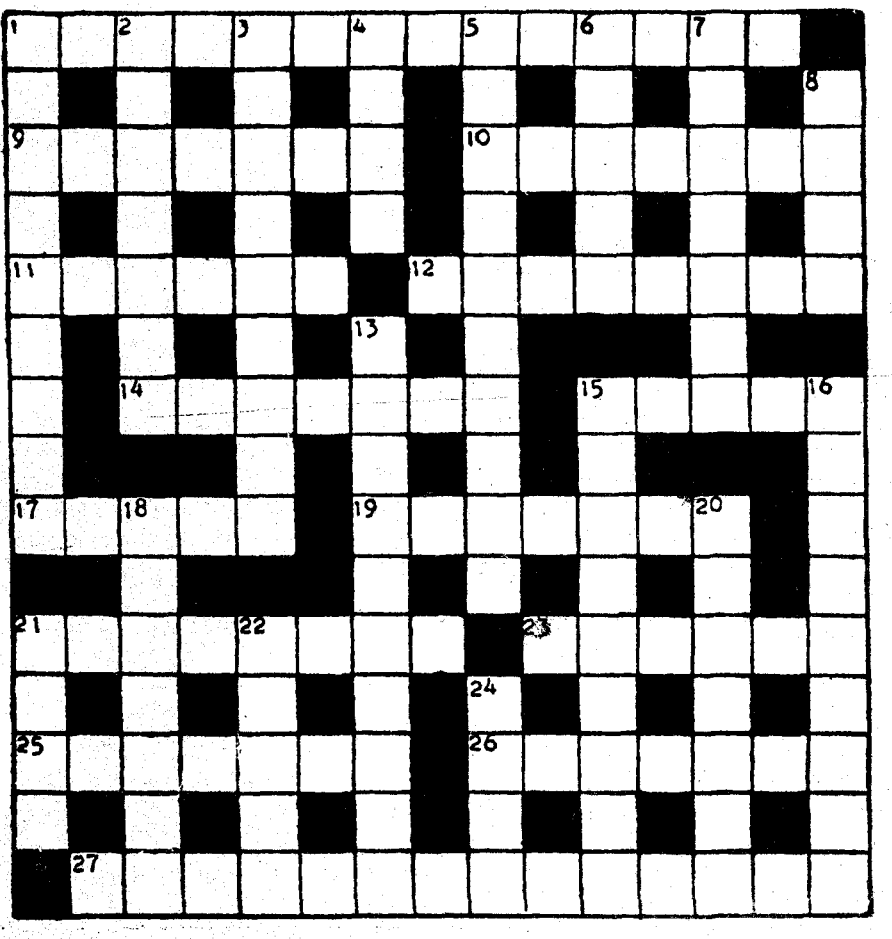

ACROSS

1 The making of a star and a Spanish gentleman is a fit subject for Shakespeare. (5,3,6)
9 Looks very quiet inside, seasons being what they are. (7)
10 It's bigger opposite. (7)
11 See 12
12, 21 down and 11 What's the purpose in failing to declare your yearly earnings? So far, you're committed! (3,5,2,2,6)
14 Secretaries may be included in what a secretary may have access to. (7)
15 An early spy of the French in ABC order. (5)
17 Steers in this, perhaps, or steered at least. (5)
19 What people sometimes pack proves a hindrance. (7)
21 Such clothes are probably 10, considering what they should be. (8)
23 A misshapen oval is instrumental in form. (6)
25 Not so soft ore is in production here. (7)
26 Reputedly the inventor of the double flute. (The first of everything has ill-repute!) (7)
27 Certainly not the first construction manual punctuated differently. (It's been read before.) (6-4,4)

DOWN

1 Being sort of vapid, is made neither liquid nor solid, with zero change. (9)
2 Showing favoritism might build up a nice pot. (7)
3 Anything you 17 probably was. (9)
4 Equivalent to the root of 22. (4)
5 and 13 This is based on GMT, but don't hurry with it. (3,3,4,2,3,5)
6 How O progresses, being best. (2,3)
7 Getting well won't keep you from work, getting this. (It's not a good feeling.) (3-4)
8 Is it a running design to worry about?
13 See 5 down
15 A schoolgirl about to be got along with. (9)
16 Perhaps what comes from 3, when disabled. (9)
18 If it comes into the station taped, it can't go this and last longer. (7)
20 Learn the hard way to be in so Italian location. (7)
21 See 12 across
22 Ceros makes it more complete. (5)
24 In age, she'd be mean. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1667

ACROSS: 1 Maritime; 10 Defames; 11 and 3 Pleased to meet you; 12 Liege; 13, 24 and 26 A horse of a different color; 14 Nasty; 15 Guttural; 19 Naturals; 22 Dwell; 28 Enlarge; 29 Soybean; 30 System; 31 Syndrome. DOWN: 1 Madeline; 2 Rifle; 4 Mustang; 6 Obeys; 7 Gasconade; 8 Endear; 9 Sprout; 15 Scaffolds; 17 Undecayed; 18 Clarence; 20 Apexes; 21 Satisfy; 23 and 5 Adder's tongue; 25 Eerie; 27 Lie to.

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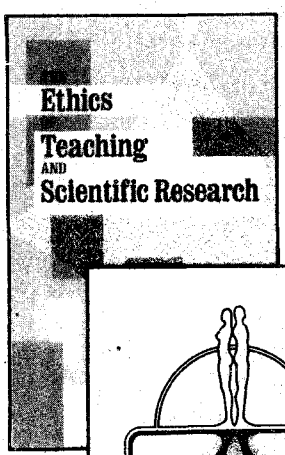

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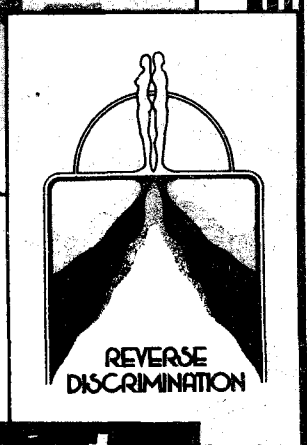

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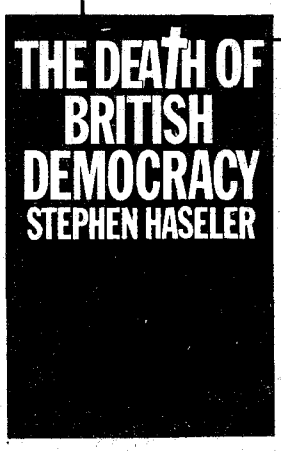

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